This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

1066.4.22

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

PRICE 50 CENTS

MRS. RASHER'S CURTAIN LECTURES

BY THE AUTHOR OF A BAD BOY'S DIARY

J. S. OGILVIE & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.
31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.

THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE.

BY JOHN COWAN, M. D.

A Book Well Worth Possessing by Every Thoughtful Man and Woman.

THE "Science of a New Life" has received the highest testimonials and commendations from leading medical and religious critics; has been heartily endorsed by all the leading philanthropists, and recommended to every well-wisher of the human race.

TO ALL WHO ARE MARRIED

Or are contemplating marriage, it will give information worth HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS, besides conferring a lasting benefit, not only upon them, but upon their children. Every thinking man and woman should study this work. Any person desiring to know more about the book before purchasing it, may send to us for our 16-page descriptive circular, giving full and complete table of contents. It will be sent free by mail to any address. The following is the table of contents.

Marriage and its advantages; Age at which to marry; The Law of choice; Love Analyzed; Qualities the Man Should Avoid in Choosing; Qualities the Woman Should Avoid in Choosing; The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Women; The Anatomy and Physiology of Generation in Man; Amativeness—its Use and Abuse; The Prevention of Conception; The Law of Continence; Children—Their Desirability; The Law of Genius; The Conception of a New Life; The Physiology of Inter-Uterine Growth; Period of Gestative Influence; Pregnancy;—Its Signs and Duration; Disorders of Pregnancy; Confinement; Management of Mother and Child after Delivery; Period of Nursing Influence; Fœticide; Diseases Peculiar to Women; Diseases Peculiar to Men; Masturbation; Sterility; and Impotence; Subjects of which More Might be Said; A Happy Married Life—How Secured.

The book is a handsome 8VO. and contains over 400 PAGES, with more than 100 ILLUSTRATIONS, and is sold at the following PRICES—ENGLISH CLOTH, BEVELED BOARDS, GILT SIDE AND BACK, $3.00; LEATHER, SPRINKLED EDGES, $3.50; HALF TURKEY MOROCCO, MARBLED EDGES, GILT BACK, $4.00. Sent by mail, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price.

COMMENDATIONS.

"In a careful examination of Dr. Cowan's SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE, I am prepared to give it my very cordial approval. It deserves to be in every family, and read and pondered, as closely relating to the highest moral and physical well-being of all its members. . . . . The essential remedy for these great evils is to be found in Dr. Cowan's work; therefore, may it be circulated far and wide."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

"As it is easier to generate a race of healthy men and women than to regenerate the diseased and discordant humanity we now have, I heartily recommend the study of THE SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE to every father and mother in the land."

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

"It seems to us to be one of the wisest, and purest, and most helpful of those Books which have been written in recent years, with the intention of teaching Men and Women the Truths about their Bodies, which are of peculiar importance to the morals of Society. . . . . No one can begin to imagine the misery that has come upon the human family solely through ignorance upon this subject."

THE CHRISTIAN UNION.

If, after reading the above, you wish to get a copy of the book, send us the money by Post-office order or registered letter, and we will send it by return mail.

Agents wanted to whom we offer liberal terms. Send to us at once for our confidential terms, and state what territory you can work to advantage.

Address all orders and applications for an agency to

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. BOX 2767. ***31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.***

MRS. RASHER'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A BAD BOY'S DIARY,"

"BLUNDERS OF A BASHFUL MAN," "MISS SLIMMEN'S WINDOW,"
"MISS SLIMMEN'S BOARDING-HOUSE,"
ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
J. S. OGILVIE & COMPANY,
31 ROSE STREET.

AL 1680.3.19

AL 4066.4.22

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Copyright, 1884,
BY
J. S. OGILVIE & COMPANY.

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
MAY 19 1969

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

The New House..... 7

CHAPTER II.

The Party..... 30

CHAPTER III.

Shopping..... 56

CHAPTER IV.

The Drive..... 73

CHAPTER V.

Several Accidents..... 80

CHAPTER VI.

Domestic..... 105

CHAPTER VII.

In Her Element..... 115

CHAPTER VIII.

A Way to Get Money..... 131

CHAPTER IX.

Rasher "At Home."..... 141

CHAPTER X.

Surreptitious Bliss..... 149

CHAPTER XI.

The Match..... 169

CHAPTER XII.

How It Went Off..... 180

CHAPTER XIII.

A Sea Voyage..... 192

CHAPTER XIV.

A Welcome Letter..... 208

CHAPTER XV.

Home Again..... 218

CHAPTER XVI.

Her Dear Friend Comes to See Her..... 231

CHAPTER XVII.

Rasher Goes to the Races..... 243

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Moving Conclusion—Rash, Rasher, Rashest... 266

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

"Salve Lardum"..... 14

Them ain't wooden books, like some of Mrs. Smith's..... 19

"*Salve Lardum*," said he, very gravely..... 47

They're just serving the refreshments..... 95

There, I knew you'd shriek!..... 128

Get up off your knees, you goose, and come to bed..... 166

Timothy Rasher! Heavens and earth, where did you come from?..... 191

Please blow me up, my dear, before we go in..... 202

There's Cerintha peeping over the banisters to find out who it was that called..... 237

What's that, Felicia? The men can't get the mirrors into the parlor at all..... 274

PREFACE.

Why write a preface?

Who reads a preface?

We write this simply to say that we are encouraged to publish and send forth this book because of the most flattering reception accorded to a previous work by the same author, "A Bad Boys Diary," the success of which has been simply wonderful. If in reading this book the reader is amused by the customary discussions between Mr. and Mrs. Rasher, and sympathizes with poor Mr. Rasher, one object in its publication shall have been accomplished.

Those who delight in thinking too much of the troubles of every-day life will find this

—and similar works by the same author—a powerful antidote to the "Blues," and we guarantee that they will be lighter-hearted than ever before. Having said this much, we will at once introduce the reader to Mr. and Mrs. Rasher.

THE PUBLISHERS.

MRS. RASHER'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BAD BOY'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOUSE.

SAY, Mr. Rasher, are you going to buy a a new house, or are you not? "You don't know?" Well, *I* do! You owned up yesterday that the clear profits of your business this year was over twenty thousand dollars, and if we're ever going to live in a brownstone front, now's the time. You don't make twenty thousand dollars every year cutting up pork, or if you expect to after this, it's high time we was taking our proper position before the world. I, for one, intend to go out a little more than I have. I've got things to go with, and I intend to go.

You're afraid people will make *light* of us as well as our lard oil? Fiddlesticks, Rasher!

I wish you would quit them everlasting puns. It's vulgar to pun; a very low species of wit, indeed; I heard Mrs. De Longue say so, the night I was to her reception. You can't help it; you must inter*lard* your conversation with 'em? Good Lord, Rasher! whatever else you do, leave your business behind you when you come home. I declare, the very silk curtains in the parlor have an odor of it! Don't *bristle* up so? There it comes again; it's enough to drive a woman mad! You can't help "cutting up;" you're so used to it? Now, look a-here, husband, we're going to settle this matter about the house this morning, or we're not going to settle it. If you'll quit that nonsense and listen to reason, I'll tell you what my ideas are; but if you don't, I won't say another word. Then you guess you'll keep on? and if you do you won't get me to keep still. That's just what you want; you'd be glad if I never opened my lips, though which of us is capable of speaking with the most propriety I'll leave other people to judge.

I picked out a house yesterday afternoon that suits *me;* and, as a woman is supposed to be the best judge of such matters as

the house she lives in and has to stay in from one year's end to another, why, if you can pay for it, that's enough. It's a brown stone front, four story and basement, stoops and balustrades of brown stone, massive and handsome; style of architecture modern Italic, and not surpassed by any of similar size in the city. I remember just what the advertisement said, which was the reason of my going to see it. It'll be finished next week. It's twenty feet front, and commands a beautiul view of the neighboring houses, which are all just as nice and aristocratical as our own. It's because I liked the neighborhood so well that I wanted that house in particular. "What's the price?" Sixteen thousand dollars, and considered cheap, considering the Avenue and the Park. Eight thousand dollars will furnish it from garret to cellar: library, pictures, and everything, and we can get a man to do it all without taking any trouble ourselves. You've got thirty thousand in the bank, I know, and, with your business, you need not be afraid but that you can—"Save your bacon!" O dear, Mr. Rasher! if you're going to continue so vul-

gar, I don't know as there'll be any use in our trying to get where we ought to be.

The girls will be home from boardin'-school to their winter vacation in the latter part of December, and I'd like to get all moved and settled, and furnished, and fixed before they come home, just to give 'em a pleasant surprise. There, Rasher! I knew you had some fatherly feeling about you, if you had no pride. You're in no hurry this morning, I know. Just wait a minute till I get my bonnet and shawl, and let's go round and look at it.

Ain't it a beauty? Them balusters are superb! Step in and look at the parlors; two and an extension; and behind the staircase there's a sweet little room which I I shall fix up as a boudoir. I'll be as much at home in it as a pig in a flower-garden? Humph! You're extremely complimentary to your wife, my dear; but I shan't resent it here before all these workmen. You can say what you please. I suppose it was my misfortune to marry a man in the pork-packing business whose mind is always running—on all fours?—*will* you quit interrupting me, or not?—whose mind is always running

of the noblest families of Scotland and England? Oh, that alters the case! If you really think, Rasher, it would be aristocratic and just the right thing, and if you think our friends will see it in the same light as you do, why, I like it well enough. When will you get it engraved? I wish you'd stop to Ball & Black's, and order a set of solid silver to be made, to be done in time for the party, and our arms on it.

Come, let's look at the wine-cellar. You must learn to look about your wine-cellar, Rasher, if you want to make an impression on the men. Everything down here is mighty nice and convenient—but, la! that's the servants business. I'm going to pretend, when I get a new set, that I don't know a coal-bin from a wash-tub. That'll be a pretty way to have myself imposed upon? Well! you're able to stand a little imposition, and you don't suppose I'm going to let them see I ever stepped in a kitchen. My hands show it? No, they don't; and I'm going to keep 'em done up nights in old gloves, and oil 'em every night with—lard oil?—stuff! with rose cream.

Let's go! tell me first whether you've con-

cluded to take the house. You s'pose I must have my own way about it? That' s a dear, good Rasher, as you are. And to pay you for consenting without a fuss, I'll trouble you as little as possible about the change, moving, and all that. I'll give the upholsterers orders about the furniture, and get a bookstore man to fill the library; and when everything is ready for us to step in and take our dinner we'll ride over and take possession. I'll get an auctioneer to sell off our old stuff, every article of it, for what it'll bring. I expect, perhaps, it will come to enough to pay for the new set of silver, centre-piece and all; for the piano, you know, is most new, and the carpets are only six months old.

You hope I'll reserve your old secretary and arm-chair, and that sofa? O dear! I suppose I can have 'em set in the fourth story, where you can go and look at 'em once in a while. I don't see why you need to set such great store by that sofa, because you and I used to set on it together in our little parlor the first winter we was married. It's stiff and old-fashioned now, and has been covered twice. I allowed it to set in my room up stairs, seeing you thought so much of it; but

it might as well go to the auction-room as up into the fourth story, where it will have to stay if it's kept in the new house.

What are you thinking of to walk right over that curbstone without seeing it? You was thinking of old times? No doubt you'd like to go back to the days when I did my own work, and set and sewed for the children evenings, but *I* wouldn't. It's a great burden off my mind to have the girls to Madame Flummery's school; she's very genteel, and will give 'em an air, which I know *I* couldn't though I'm naturally more genteel than their father. What's that? we're setting them up above us so as to make them ashamed of us? Well, Arabella *was* a little sniffy the last time she came home, but when we move on to the Avenue in the new house, she'll have more respect for us. Ah! here we are at the corner! Come home early to-night, Rasher, I want to talk over the plans.

. . . . . .

Ain't it splendid? and I hav'n't had a bit of trouble only to give my orders. I think Mr. Brilliant, the upholsterer, is a very tasty man. I told him about what we could afford to expend on the rooms, and he fixed them

up himself. His only exceeded the sum I set about two thousand dollars. He asked my idea of colors for the first floor, and I told him I liked crimson and gold. I think I never seen handsomer cornices. The mirrors, and the chandeliers, and the cornices, and the picture-frames, give an air of gorgeousness—don't you think so? I bought the pictures myself, all to one store, as the man gave me a bargain, if I'd take the lot; and I got Mr. Brilliant to put new frames to them, to correspond with the mirrors. The paintings themselves did not come to quite so much as the frames. I'd an idea them sort of things was more expensive, as Mrs. De Witt told me she'd given four hundred dollars for a little dull thing not much bigger than my hand. She must have been awfully imposed on, for I got one four feet long for forty dollars, and far more brilliant colors, at that!

Come in here, Rasher, and look at the library. You see he's put this in darker colors; but that's the fashion, I believe. Them ain't wooden books like some of Mrs. Smith's; they're the genuine article. I paid Mr. Octavo twelve hundred dollars for filling

the shelves. But I had more trouble with him than with all the rest put together. I didn't like the bindings of the books he put in first, and I had him take 'em all back and

Them a'int wooden books, like some of Mrs. Smyth's.

put in these. These have got such pretty red covers and gilt letters. Besides I got mad at him about another thing. I thought he meant a fling at your business. Right along

in the very first row there was three or four books with no titles at all, but just "Bacon," printed on the back. My! but wasn't I mad! I suppose they were recipes for curing bacon, perhaps—I didn't look to see, but I made him take 'em right out. Up a little higher, what did I see but "Hogg's Tales" printed on the back of another book? I asked him what he meant by it; if he meant to insult us because we'd made our money in the pork business? and he didn't know what to say; but he took 'em away, and finally I told him I guess he'd better change the whole lot, and put in them with red bindings, I'd seen at his store. He was very good-natured about it. I suppose he didn't want to lose our custom. That's one advantage of being as rich as we are—people don't like to offend us. I don't suppose any one will ever read the books, but it is necessary to have them, for the same reason that we have almost everything else; because other people do. Pictures and books are considered stylish; I've heard Mrs. Fitz Simmons talking about an author's style. What's that? In what respect do you resemble an author? I am sure I can't guess,

my dear. I've never detected any resemblance, though, as for that matter, I know very little about authors. Because you both make a living by the *pen?* and both of you sell your *tender-lines?* Now, Rasher, for mercy's sake, we're in the new house, and *do, do,* for my sake, quit that miserable habit of punning! or, if you *must* make puns or die, choose some other subject than the one you're always harping on.

Here's my boudoir; I told him to put that all in yellow, with blue facings and trimmings. I cautioned him about the sofa and chairs, not to get 'em too small, for you know I'm pretty solid, and I shall want to recline on 'em when I think I'm likely to be surprised by company; so he's made 'em as large as the room will allow. That painting up there by the door, with that little *lapis-lazuli* table under it, is copied from the original of Rachel's Madonna in the Roman Vacuum, the man said who sold it to me. He advised me to have it hung in my boudoir in such a position that I could gaze upon it in my reflective moments; it's a religious picture, you know. I usually gaze in the looking-glass in my *reflective* mo-

ments? Ain't you ashamed to trifle upon so serious a subject, Mr. Rasher? I shouldn't wonder if your habit of punning led you into the still worse one of using profane language, if you continue to cultivate such irreverence. You don't see any connection between punning and swearing? Well, *I* do; only last week, when I was telling you about the rocks up to the park, you said "blast 'em," and then went on pretending you meant blow 'em to pieces with powder.

I'm going to have a yellow satin dressing-gown, faced with blue, and a blue cord and tassel, made to correspond with the sofa and curtains; and then I shall expect to spend a good many of my mornings here, and have a mark hanging out of that handsome book there, as if I'd been reading, and I can pass away my time hemming ruffles or handkerchiefs, and when Mrs. Fitz Simmons or any of my friends call, I can slip my work under this satin cushion, and beg to be excused for receiving 'em in my boudoir, but I was a little unwell this morning, which will probably be the truth, Rasher; for since I've taken to drinking wine for dinner, and hav-

ing dinner so late, and then sometimes taking birds or oysters, or something for my supper after that, I've had the headache a great deal, and I ain't near so stout as I used to be, really, though I look so much fatter. You think I'll weigh as much as your prize porker now? Oh, Rasher, how can you? but it's bloat, it's mostly bloat. I know I am, I must be delicate, or why should I have such headaches, and such strange sensations in my diagram? Eat too much? My appetite never was poorer. Last night I ordered the cook to fry me a sausage, privately, and bring it up at nine o'clock, for my supper. I hadn't had any for a long time, and I couldn't think of anything else that would relish. If my appetite wasn't poor why should I crave sausage!

However, I don't mind my health so much; for I think I can stand it this winter, and next summer I shall expect you to take me off somewhere on a tour. Where are we going to *live?* Why, all over the house, I suppose. These things are too fine for use? Of course I don't expect you to pull off your boots in the parlors, nor lounge

there after you're home from business, unless there's company. As you're so prejudiced against furnaces, there's a grate in the basement dining-room, and you can take your paper and go down there after the silver and china's cleared away. If you want to go to bed before the company's gone, you can go up the back stairs and get to our room, And where will *I* be? I'm sure you don't need me, when you're mostly reading the newspapers of evenings, anyhow; and as you can't bear half the people that visit me, why, when you don't feel like seeing company, you can have a nice time all by yourself. You think parties, and operas, and late hours don't agree with you; but I'm sure they do with me; and of course you don't expect me to give 'em up on your account. No; but you wish the house wasn't so big, or had some little corner you could call *home?* Fie, Rasher, isn't the whole of it ours, and of course our home? I think you're real ungrateful not to be satisfied, after I have taken so much pains to make you comfortable. Our bedroom is just as splendid as any room in the house; there's lace on the bottom of the pillow-

cases, and lace curtains lined with the sweetest pink silk, and a Severed china wash-basin, and all kinds of fixings; more'n you can use, or I either, for that matter; in fact, I don't know the names of half the things, nor what they're meant for; and I'm sure you ought to be contented with so much, and everything so nice; and now, my dear, while I think of it, let me caution you not to throw your coat on that counterpane when you take it off, and not to wear your dusty boots inside the chamber, for the carpet's a white ground, and will show the least bit of dirt; and to turn down the spread when you get into bed, so's your breath won't stain the edge of it; and I guess you might as well not meddle with the toilet-table and glass at all, but have a little mirror put up in the closet; for, you see, your great fingers would make sad work with them things on the table; and if you should knock that Cupid over and break it you'd spoil the whole effect. "The fact is, Mrs. Rasher, the pen's too fine for the pig." Please don't make such unpleasant remarks, and make me feel unhappy the first night in the new house. I suppose it makes little difference how fast

things get spoiled, as we'll have to have new furniture about once a year, if we wish to keep up appearances; so, if you want to sleep in your boots, sleep in 'em, for all I care. Come, let's go down to our first dinner. I've had the new plate put on, and the new porcelain. I took our coat-of-arms to the factory, and had porcelain manufactured with it on every piece. I told Thomas to put it all on to-night, same's if we had company. I want to get used to it, you see.

. . . . . .

Bless me, Rasher! you liked to have poked your arm right through that lace drapery, getting into bed. Did you notice how surreptitious Thomas looked when he waited on us to-night? He made me feel uncomfortable. He thinks because he's been with the Greens and the Parkers he can turn up his nose at us. I wouldn't keep the fellow at all, polite as he *seems* to be, if it wasn't that I want to learn of him how to have things *de Rigor*, as they say about the ceremonies with the Prince of Wales. If I'd have thought it would have done any good to have asked him, I'd have hurried up my party when he was here. Do you know,

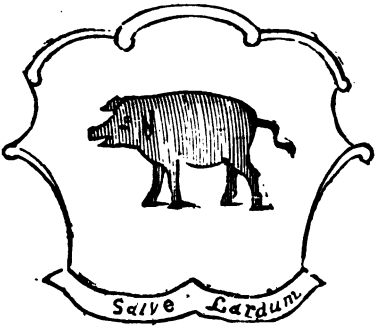
Mrs. De Witt actually went to the ball. If we'd a made our fortune five years ago, we'd a been one of the old families by this time, and *we* might have been asked. What's that? You can't make a whistle out of a pig's tail? Well, who wants to? I'd be just as good as Mrs. De Witt if I'd have begun a little earlier in life. But, as I was saying, I want to keep Thomas until after the party; he'll be a perfect jewel of a help, and if there's any matters I'm in doubt about I can ask him. I ain't obliged to see his impertinence as long as it's policy to keep him, and I intend to get used enough to keeping a man-waiter until I let him go, to know how to keep the next one in his proper place. For the land's sake, Rasher, you'll snore all the lace off that pillow-case if you snore in that style. Ain't you even going to be allowed to *snore* in peace in your splendid residence? La, yes! as loud as a steam-engine if you want to; but do try and keep awake a little while while I'm actually talking. The tailor's got the liveries all ready for Thomas and John; and to-morrow the new carriage is coming home. Have you seen it? Yes. And is the coat-of-

arms sufficiently conspicuous? Day after to-morrow, if the weather's fine, will be an event in my life. I'll be handed into my own carriage, and have a footman standing on that little what-do-you-call-it there behind, and John a driving in a coat with six capes, and our family device upon the door. I shall make all the calls I can think of. Ha! but won't Mrs. De Witt be mad! They've been obliged to give up their carriage lately, and to see me in mine will make her frightfully envious; but she'll keep as pleasant as a basket of chips, and never let on. The next day I'll drive down to Macy's to buy a dress for the party. I've often, in old times, when I went away from there in the six-penny 'busses, envied the ladies—and the clerks carrying out their parcels, and putting them on the seats so killingly polite! I never expected in those days to ever be there myself with two servants in capes and bands around their hats, and a coat-of-arms on the door. What did you say? "Honor to whom honor is due." I may thank the rise in pork for my rise in life? I declare, Rasher, if you don't quit poking pork under my nose, you shall never

have any more fried tender-line nor roast spare-rib so long as I have a table set in my house. Now don't get the nightmare to-night, and tear down my pink silk curtains about our ears. "That would—be getting —the wrong—pig—by the ear!" There he goes snoring off again with that hateful word hardly over his lips! Well, well, well! I may as well compose myself.

CHAPTER II.

THE PARTY.



I WISH you wouldn't call it a house-warming, my dear. When people lived in two-story houses, and did their own work, they called such things "house-warmings," and it sounds so old-fashioned. I know you've a *ponchong* for everything old-fashioned—it seems to be a weakness of yours; I expect every day to see you come down with your grandfather's long-tailed blue on—though as for that, you'll scarcely have a chance now, for when we left the other house I sent it to the dogs. You wouldn't have taken fifty dollars of any man's money for that coat?

What was it worth, I'd like to know, but just to clutter the closet, and get moths in it? Still, if you feel so bad about it, I'm sorry I sent it off. It went through the Revolutionary War, and you was proud of it? Oh! if I'd have thought about that, I'd have kept it, for its quite fashionable to have relics of the Revolution. What was your grandfather, my love? A general? "A blacksmith." O get out! "And as brave as the bravest general; who followed the army to shoe the horses, and put shoes on General Washington's own horse many a time, and was wounded twice in battle." La! that's all nice enough, but I'm not going to brag about it before folks. "It's a different style of *forgery* that's the aristocratic thing now-a-days; a man may forge a check, but not a chain, if he wants to keep in good society. Only blow your own bellows loud enough, and you'll be all right with the world." Why, Rasher, I didn't know as you had so much morphine in your nature; you're usually so cheerful. Come, now, let's talk about my party, or my *fate*, as Mrs. Fitz Simmons calls it. I'd like to make out the list of invitations this evening, so's to

get the cards engraved. They ought to be out a week beforehand. I'm going to have them very large, and very square, and several of 'em to each person; one small square one, colored, with "Admit the Bearer" on it, and one—what's that? No, it won't be ridiculous, either! Didn't his Royal Highness—what if it was at a public building instead of a private house? I know it ain't necessary, but it's stylish, and that's enough. Once for all, Rasher, let *me* settle all these little points of etiquette; you're very good in your way, but somehow you've no faculty for comprehending all the little niceties; in other words—there's no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear? There it comes again! those eternal allusions! However, you think the purse is a pretty full one, if it isn't of silk? That's so! Nobody could be more generous or better hearted than you are, my love; and if you'd only get over some of your queer ideas, and quit punning—especially allusions to your business—I should be one of the happiest women in the world. You can't guess how uncomfortable you make me when we're in company; I feel every minute as if I was sitting by a powder maga-

zine that was going to explode; I'm so afraid of them terrible little escapades of yours. You thought it was *me* who did all the blowing up? Well, I do it in the strict seclusion of the family circle, if I do; and if you'd confine yourself to the same, I shouldn't mind what you said. Not even if you said your darling Marier wasn't the woman she used to be? No, not even then; I've no ambition to be the woman I was, when one silk dress a year and two bonnets satisfied me.

But let's go back to the invitations. I shall have no difficulty in making out my list. You've no idea of the people that have left their cards since we changed our residence; dozens and dozens of all the brown-stones up and down the street, and they're all just the sort of folks I want at my *fate*. Mrs. Fitz Simmons knows the most of 'em, and has probably been the means of their calling. As the girls are going to be at home, we must have plenty of young people to dance; Cerintha never looks better than when she's dancing. You don't like to see her whirled around in the arms of them dancing bears? It's not just the way we used to do, to be

sure; but this is an age of progression, and what the world thinks is right *is* right.

I haven't written a word to the girls yet about the new house or the party; I intend it to be all a surprise. I've ordered their dresses, and they're being made up now. A maize-colored moire-antique for Cerintha, with lace flounces; and a white puffed *thull* for Felicia. You should have thought white would have been prettiest for both of 'em, seeing they're only school girls yet? I'll warrant you! A book-muslin, tucked, with pink and blue ribbons, cost, including making up, ten dollars apiece! But girls don't dress in that manner now-a-days. A moire-antique ain't a bit too rich for Cerintha's style, and the color suits with her hair. She *ought* to have a set of pearls, but I won't ask for them till she's out of school, since the house and all had to be paid for this year.

Who are you writing down there? Your old friends, the Griggses? If you intend to invite the Griggses, then I'll give up the party at once. There! there! there! Now don't get mad, and tear the paper in two; if you want to keep on friendly terms with

them, I shall have no objections to making a nice little tea-party *especially for them*, and ask the Fishers at the same time. I don't want to have it said that I've forgotten my friends, and I can have them here often, in a quiet way, but not to my *fate*. It would spoil every speck of pleasure I might take. Mrs. Griggs used to be a good neighbor when we were first married. Many's the afternoon we've set, and sewed, and talked together; but she always was ruther a common woman, and her husband had bad luck, and she'll have nothing to wear, if she's asked, but her old black silk, and she'll feel bound to come, for fear we'd be hurt if she shouldn't. La, how blind some people are! If she had any decency she'd feel that—because you've made money in the pork business, and Griggs has failed in the hardware line, there ought to be no farther intimacy between the fat and the frying-pan? What a trying man you are, Rasher? It's in your line to be trying? Go on with your list, go on. "Mr. and Mrs. B. Baker." There, you needn't try to help me about the invitations; I'd rather make them out myself. One would think you were obeying the injunc-

tions of the Scriptures literally, to ask in the beggars of the street, when everybody knows that if the Bible wasn't entirely figurative, we couldn't get along at all.

What are you leaning back on the sofa and sighing in that melancholy way for? I'm not going to offend your old cronies. If you want to ask Griggs to a cigar in the dining-room, when you're alone of evenings, I shall not object; and I expect to have to ask his wife here three or four time a year. And the same with the Bakers and Fishers. You think I ought to send Polly Griggs a new dress to wear to the party, if she hasn't got any, instead of slighting her on that account? Well, if you ain't the oddest man! Who ever heard of such a thing? I'm sure it would never have come into anybody's head but yours. If you feel like dressing up your neighbors in silks and satins you'd better begin at once. But do remember that charity begins at home. Here's Cerintha in want of that set of pearls, and I haven't treated myself to that camel's-hair shawl yet, and you're talking about my giving Mrs. Griggs a silk dress fit to wear to my party! You remember when she used

to lend me her white crape shawl when I wanted to go calling? *Mr.* Rasher, will you take your heels down off that satin-damask rose-colored sofa, and try and sit up like a gentleman? You're tired? Indeed, and what's tired you? I think a man worth as much money as you might afford to hire other people to do his work. As long as you're in business you'll have to attend to it, and you're not rich enough to quit off yet, 'specially at the rate the money is flying? There it comes—reproaches already! I don't believe a woman ever gave a party in the world that her husband didn't reproach her for it—except the wedding-party, which they're always glad enough to attend. You didn't intend any reproach at all—you're perfectly willing I shall be happy my own way? Come, let's go into the library. If you are tired you can lounge there as much as you please. Oh, I forgot to tell you the silver came home to-day, and it's splendid. Mrs. Fitz Simmons was here when it came, and went down with me to look at it. She said all those little pigs running about on the teapot and everything were sweet and very appropriate. I thought perhaps she

had reference to your business, so I told her they weren't pigs at all; that the wild boar occupied a conspicuous place in the old country heraldry, and had been the crest of your family ever since the Conquest. She asked me what Conquest, and I told her I didn't know. She said it must have been the Porcine War, and I told her quite likely. She asked me the meaning of "*Salve Lardum*," for Mrs. Fitz Simmons don't understand Latin as well as she does French, and I told her it signified that "Discretion was the better part of valor;" which she thought was a pretty motto, and very suitable to anybody in the mercantile line. *Her* husband's a lawyer, but he don't make a quarter the money you do, so we've very good reasons for being friends—she likes my money, and I like her influence; and if she says impertinent things, once and a while, I have my little revenges.

But if I don't get about my list, I'll never get all the names down. Mrs. Fitz Simmons says, if I want to make myself popular, and want to have my parties successful, I must have *perfect* suppers and plenty of wine. The music must be good, but the

wine must be better—that the young men who give life and spirit to such occasions only ask plenty to eat and drink, and music to dance by, and girls to dance with, to be satisfied—if they are treated well in these respects, they'll praise me and come again. Very modest of 'em? Don't talk about modesty, Rasher, if you don't want to be ridiculous. Mrs. Clarence Cornell says it's immodest to talk about a thing's being immodest, for, if we were all as pure as we ought to be, everything would be pure to us, which is the reason the very most respectable ladies can dress and behave as they do, which seems to me to be very good reasoning, indeed, and I hope you won't be going and making a fool and a bad man of yourself, and proving yourself to be full of evil thoughts, by being prudish about matters that all fashionable people know are proper. You're suited, if the women are? What's that tacked up against those books, like a notice of a sheriff's sale against a wall? Read it and see?

WANTED.—A Governess, for two full-grown people, who, having suddenly become wealthy enough to purchase a library, want

somebody to explain it to them. She must understand the history of Grease, French, Hog-Latin and Politeness, and be capable of giving the butler orders when the lady of the house is up a stump. Celery satisfactory.

Now, Rasher, that's your handwriting, and your spelling too; how long has it been up there? That friend of Mrs. Cerulean's was here to-day, that literary gentleman, that she thinks such a lion. What's that? *see*-lion, you guess, by the way she shows him up as if he were at Barnum's? Oh, hush; *he* was here this afternoon, looking at the books, and I know now what he was laughing at, though he pretended it was something else. If you *will* play practical jokes, play 'em on somebody besides me. Oh, you needn't go to hugging me like a bear; that's a certain sign you feel guilty.

. . . . . .

Well, Cerintha, the party's over. The butler's putting away the things, and there's a plateful of grease on the dining-room carpet—I saw this morning—when I went into take a cup of tea to clear off my headache. I had your and Felicia's breakfast sent to

your bed, for I knew you wouldn't get up till noon. It's twelve now, and I couldn't wait any longer to come in and talk over the affair. Did you enjoy yourselves, girls, as well as you expected? *I* think it was a splendid affair. If it hadn't been for that accident, which really made your father angry, and if it hadn't been for two or three things he *would* say, and his atrocious puns, I should think the party was a great success. Mrs. Fitz Simmons congratulated me before she went away. She said she hadn't been to a party this season that cost so much—the supper was exquisite—and who furnished the liquors? You know I didn't let your father see my dress until I was all ready for the evening, and then I let him in my chamber to get his opinion. He said I looked as nice as if I'd been corn-fed. What did you say? *You* think it wasn't exactly in good taste for the hostess to be dressed so much —*Magenta* velvet and white plumes? Why didn't you say so before, then, and I would have altered my style? You danced better than any girl in the rooms, and Felicia looked the prettiest. And I don't think you need to be ashamed of your mother last

night, girls. Everybody was complimenting me, and my girls, and my furniture, and my house. Mr. Easalby asked me where I got so fine a collection of pictures, and whether I bought them by the square yard or by the piece. I was glad to tell him what a bargain I got in them, and he congratulated me on it in the pleasantest manner. Your father was in the best of humor, full of his jokes and talk, but for my part, I'd rather he'd a been more silent and retiring, for, though he made a good deal of laughing, he made so many *faux pas*, he kept me in a constant state of reprehension. When Mrs. Girand lost off that elegant necklace she wore, he told her "she was casting her pearls before swine," which wasn't very flattering to those nice young men who surrounded her. Which reminds me again of the accident. The butler tells me those young gentlemen who cut the ropes, had first gone up stairs to the private liquor-room, and drank too much brandy-and-water, and they felt so funny and full of mischief they didn't know what to do with themselves; and happening to pass the dumb-waiter, one of 'em said it would be a good thing to cut the ropes, and

the rest laughed, and thought it would, and two of 'em did it, and down went the waiter with all them fancy bottles and cut-glass on it, and that splendid great punch-bowl, and a lot of my finest porcelain.

When we heard the crash I turned quite pale, for I thought some of the floors had broke down, or something awful; but when your pa saw the mischief, and found out how it was done, he was real angry about it, which isn't very common for him. I begged and implored him to say nothing, and he finally got good-natured again; but I heard him telling Senator Brown, at the supper-table, he thought it was "cutting it rather too fat," and if the young men thought they could treat him in that manner, they'd got the wrong pig by the ear; they should never be asked to his home again. But I must coax him out of that, for those very young gentlemen belong to the cream of our set, and they only happened to take a little too much. Of course, if they'd have been in their senses they wouldn't have done it. You hope he won't offend young Spangler? I noticed he danced with you twice, last night, my dear; so I went straight to Mrs.

Fitz Simmons and asked her, confidentially, all about him. He lives rather high, and belongs to one of the real *old* families; but they're not very wealthy, and she don't know where he gets all the money he spends. He's after a rich wife; and I presume he'll propose on the first opportunity. I don't think your father would like to see his money going to pay that young gentleman's debts and extravagancies. Still, he's got *style*, and style is—. You don't intend to marry him, but you want the *eclat* of his attentions? Oh, very well! I see you can take care of yourself, my love. Felicia, here, is such an innocent little thing, she's after her father's own heart. I shouldn't wonder yet if she married some clerk or music-teacher, because she imagined herself in love with him; when, if she'd only—"*husband* her resources, she'd be all right!" Goodness, gracious me, Rasher, what brought you home this time a day, and up into this chamber. "She can find plenty of scoundrels ready to husband her resources, and when they've got them, won't care whether they husband your pretty Felicia or not." You're such a croaker, you'll make

your daughters believe the world's full of designing men after their fortunes. What's that, Felicia, darling? If you get as good a man as your papa, you'll be satisfied? And well you may! He's always been a good provider, and an indulgent husband. I've only three faults to find with your father: the first is, his being in the pork business—the next his habit of playing practical jokes—and the last, his dreadful, utter want of style. He has no air. He isn't hurt at my saying it, for he knows it himself. Put on the best broadcloth of the latest make, Janvin's gloves, and Genin's hat, it don't make a bit of difference, he's still the same plain, fussy, short little man, a-biting the fingers of his gloves, and looking as if he wasn't to home in his own house nor his own clothes. He has no air. It's the trial of my life, but I can't help it. *What* did you say, Rasher? You're like the Englishman's scalded pig? Clear out of this chamber! I won't permit my daughters to hear such foul allusions; I—. It wasn't a fowl allusion, it was a piggish one? Go along down stairs before I take the broomstick to you. I've forgotten the use

of the broomstick? Come, come, Rasher, the chambermaid may be listening at the door. I wish you wouldn't refer to the past so frequently. You may stay if you'll behave yourself, for I want to ask you about the party. But first tell me what brought you home? The stage? Nonsense! what did you come home for? For the rest of the day? But what was your object in coming so early? You didn't object? I'll quit asking you questions, if I'm to be bothered in this manner. You've come home to see your little girls? Oh, well, that's natural enough, I suppose, seeing you had so little chance of talking to them yesterday. But they're not little girls any longer, you see. Cerintha's shot up like a bean-stalk. As for Felicia, she'll always be little, like you; but she's got her full growth.

Everybody complimented our table last night, Rasher. The new silver made a gorgeous appearance; everybody looked at it, and got everybody else to look, and noticed our coat-of-arms, and told each other the motto. I heard young Flummery whispering to Mrs. Clarence Cornell that he couldn't have believed his own ears, if he

hadn't have seen with his own eyes. There were so many smiles and whispers at first, I was afraid something was wrong. I asked James if anything had gone wrong, and he said there had not; he'd never waited on a

"*Salve Lardum*," said he, very gravely.

nicer table. Flummery made himself very polite to me after I noticed him laughing with Mrs. Cornell. He helped me to salad, and put cream in my coffee when I told him

I took it. As he held the cream-jug in his hand, he looked again at our coat-of-arms. "*Salve Lardum*," said he, very gravely. "I was not aware of the Rasher device till this evening, though I've been quite a student of heraldry. What is your receipt for curing bacon, Mrs. Rasher?" "Curing bacon, Mr. Flummery!" I exclaimed, beginning to be offended, as I always am at such allusions. "Yes, madam," he replied, "I supposed that curing it was the surest manner of saving it; though, doubtless, your ancestry saved theirs by taking to their heels at the proper moment." "It is an article," said I, "that I never have in my house; I do not remember now that I ever tasted any. I have no receipts for curing it." "Mrs. Rasher," said he, suddenly, "you have had no sugar yet." And he turned to the waiter to get me some. Just then, I noticed you poking that Senator Brown in the ribs, and laughing outrageously. I knew you was telling him of some of your practical jokes; your very countenance showed it, and I involuntarily tried to look at my back to see if you hadn't labelled me with some motto or something, in your

usual good taste. Now, husband, I want to know what you and the Senator were having so much fun about. If you've been playing any trick on me, I want to know it; if I ever find it out, you'll repent it. I declare, if you ain't laughing again at the very remembrance of it! I'll ask the Senator myself the next time I see him. I'll tell you another thing that young Flummery said to me, though I'm sure I don't know what it means. I don't comprehend half he says, but he's excruciatingly polite, and has the reputation of being witty. Mrs. Fitz Simmons says she couldn't think of having even a small social reunion without him, though I must confess, privately, I don't fancy him so much as she does. Says he, "Mrs. Rasher," says he, "have you read the late popular work, 'Darwin on the Origin of the Species?'" And says I, "No, Mr. Flummery; I've been so busy lately getting fixed in the new house, and all; but I expect it's in the library, for I told the man to have all the popular things." And says he, "I was just thinking it might be possible your family were descended remotely from their own coat-of-arms." And I said, "Of

course we were!" with a good deal of emphasis, and asked him if it was a book of heraldry, and he smiled, and said it was; the most reliable book of heraldry extant.

I've only one lasting regret with regard to my first party. To be sure I'm sorry for that prank of the young gentlemen, breaking up the crockery so, which was rather wild of them; but youthful indiscretion must not be judged too severely, especially when committed by the members of our first families. You wish they had spared your punch-bowl? You and Griggs would have had fine times over that punch-bowl this winter, wouldn't you? I'm sorry it was broken, I'm sure, for it would have been a comfort for me at the opera and other places, where you don't choose to go along —"and where I don't choose to have you" —to think you were comfortable at home. But, as I was saying, I've only one lasting regret, which is that I didn't succeed in getting the Liverpools here. I'd set my heart on having them, which I knew would be the means of fixing my position in society. What's that? If there's any danger of my

slipping out I'd better be fastened in with a bottle of liquid glue? What a tormenting man you are, Rasher! You've no more sympathy with my peculiar feelings than—don't hug me, don't? I ain't your spare-rib! get out! call me your duck or your goose, if you want to, but don't dub me your spare-rib any more. I can't stand it.

Mrs. Fitz Simmons says that our cards of invitation were very unique. I told you I understood such matters, and that they would be just the thing. Did I have "Complimentary" printed on all of 'em, or were the reserved seats one dollar extra? Don't be inquisitive, my love. Come into our room and let the girls dress. Hurry yourselves, my darlings, for there will be floods of company here within an hour. Semi-toilet, you know; but I'll run in and see how you look before I go down.

You've been round this early settling up bills? well, I must say, if you live to be a thousand, you'll never learn how to do things genteelly. As long as people know you are rich, and can pay when you get ready, they're in no hurry to be paid. It's only poor people, or those in doubtful circumstances, who have

to pay on the spot. If it wasn't convenient for you to pay, of course you'd have to; but seeing you can just as well pay any time, people feel hurt to have you settling up so soon. It ain't the style. These folks would rather you'd be in debt to 'em than not. But you'd rather not be? That was very commendable when you did a small business, and wanted to be certain about making both ends meet, but it wouldn't hurt you a bit now if you *never* paid your debts. Let me see the bills; $50 for cards, engraving, etc.; $200 for flowers; $250 for music; $300 for wines; $800 for supper, attendance of waiters, loan of silver, etc. (that man's bills are always enormous, but I couldn't be sure of a success without him); $1,600 total. "Add the milliner's bills" (mantua-maker's, I suppose you mean), "and $150 for breakage; $50 for ruining carpet; and a hundred or two for sundries, and you'll have nearly two thousand dollars." Well expended, Mr. Rasher.

I would have given a thousand dollars alone if the Liverpools had come. How? Perhaps, if I'd privately offered them that sum, they might have accepted, as they're

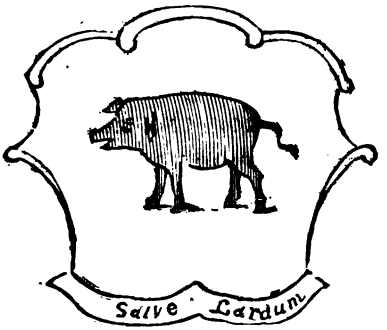
said to be getting as poor as they are proud? The bills are very moderate indeed, considering the brilliancy of the affair. Five years from now, if you should live and prosper, you won't think anything of giving ten thousand for a grand party once a year. The Pillsburys do it. What are you cipher-ing there on that piece of paper? How many pills, twenty-five in a box at twenty-five cents a box, must have been inflicted upon trusting humanity, at a profit of seventy-five per cent. on the whole, in order to have enabled the Pillsburys to give that ten thousand dollar affair? Pshaw! What a horribly coarse-minded person you are, to be thinking of such things. You might just as well inquire—How many barrels of mess? Rasher, you're hitting that cologne-bottle with your elbow! There it goes down upon my Brussels carpet; thank goodness, it wasn't the ink-stand. You shouldn't think I'd have a "Brussels" carpet on *my* floor? Did I ever hear about Paddy's pigs? No, nor I don't want to. "A gentleman met Paddy with a drove of pigs, and, says he, 'So you're driving your pigs to Bath, are you?' and Paddy says, 'Whist! whist! if ye

plaze, sir, and don't be afther spaking so loud, for sure they think they're going to Dublin, sir, or they wouldn't stir a step!'" And that's just as much like you, Rasher, as two pins. If I want to drive you one way, I have to pretend I'm driving you another. I'm constantly endeavoring—to pull the wool over your eyes? Yes, to pull the wool over your eyes, if you will have it so—but it's always for your own good, always! If you'd a had your own way, you'd stayed in that three-story brick, and worn your old white hat forever. I've persuaded you into a house, and a butler, and a carriage, and gloves, and a decent hat, and a party, and—A coat-of-arms? Yes, and a coat-of-arms, which you never would have had the ambition to look up, and discover who your ancestors were, if it hadn't been for me. What's that? I'm a great woman? You've told me so several thousand times in the course of our connubial relations, and you haven't said afar from the truth. I *intend* to be a great woman; and if you had one bit or grain of spunk you'd be a great man, in some way—politically, or officially, or *some* way. You meant I was a great

woman in the corporeal sense? And what kind of a sense is that? Come down to the warehouse scales to-morrow, and get weighed? There it is again; sometimes I wish to goodness you'd live in your warehouse, and never come out of it; you'd be more to home there than in my elegant—*My* elegant?—yes, *my* elegant—there's the bell. Company for the next four hours; but you needn't mind about coming down, unless you wish to, my dear.

CHAPTER III.

SHOPPING.



O LUD, Rasher, Fitz Simmons and I have had such a day! Has Thomas announced dinner yet? I am tired to death, and so hungry I can hardly wait to get rid of my wraps. Here, Rosine, take my furs and bonnet, and then descend and command Thomas to ascertain if the dinner is ready to be served. (I always love to use good language when I'm speaking to Rosine, she's such a stylish person for a maid.) If there's anything calculated to make a woman tired and hungry, it's going shopping. Fitz Simmons and I have been shopping from morn-

ing till night, as you might say. She was glad of my carriage to get in and out of before Stewart's, and Tiffany's, and Ball & Black's, and Arnold & Constable's, etc., with Patrick in his new livery, and our coat-of-arms on the panels, and everything; and I was glad of her good taste and experience. La! She's as familiar with camel's hair shawls as she is with her own name, and knows diamonds from paste about as well as the jewelers themselves; and as for lace, she knows every style and quality, which is very useful to me, who don't know anything about them. The clerks all know her, and they're killingly polite to her and whoever she brings with her, for they know that, if she cannot buy much herself, she always brings rich friends along. It's so queer I can't get used to it, though it's very pleasant and agreeable to have them running out to the carriage to take our orders, and carry our parcels, and making footmen of themselves, you might say, to open our carriage door for us, and showing us the very best of everything, at the same stores where a few years ago I used to slip in so modestly to buy a plain silk or merino, and be asked

whether I wanted a cheap article, and my answers hardly heard, whether I did or not. But there's dinner, and let's go down. Why am I like the soup? I don't see any resemblance. Because we're both *deer* to you, and both turtle, and you always like to see us both at the dinner-table? Dear me! Well, sit down.

I do admire them clerks so—some of them; they're *perfect!* so gentlemanly, and so well dressed! they bow so elegantly, and have their hair always cut in the latest fashion. What's that? Pity I hadn't married one of 'em? Pshaw, Rasher! you know I think enough of you; though I must say, it's the one trial of my life that you ain't more gentlemanly. But, if you are a plain little man, you're a good provider. I don't expect them drygoods clerks sleep with rose-colored silk curtains around their beds when they're at home, but you'd think they did, to see 'em waiting upon customers. I don't know what we should do without 'em. Some of those disagreeable reformers, who try to make us think everything is wrong, and rich people have no business to spend all their money on themselves, and poor women can't

find enough to do if they're disposed to work, pretend to believe we ought to employ lady clerks; but I, for one, abominate 'em, and I guess the merchants know they wouldn't sell so many expensive things if it wasn't for the fascinating manner in which those young men recommend them. They're my *beau ideal* precisely, and I'm willing you should hear me say it. If there were only women in the stores, we would only go shopping when we had something to buy; but, as it is—Do we go when we want to buy? What a question, my dear! I didn't think you were so simple. Why, how much do you suppose I have spent to-day? Not twenty dollars, and I've looked at thousands of thousands of dollars' worth of lovely things. How would we spend our time, when we're bored to death for something to do, if it wasn't for going a shopping? I know lots of ladies who vow they should go insane if it wasn't for this amusement.

They don't care about reading, unless there's a first-rate new novel out, and there's nothing to do from breakfast to dinner three days of the week, allowing one

day for receiving calls and two for making 'em, and it's not very often we have a *matinee* to help us. I never used to have any difficulty about passing away the time? Will you help me to another slice of the roast turkey? Thomas, bring some ice-water. (I *do* wish you'd be careful what you say before the servants, especially Thomas. That fellow's the torment of my house, yet I can't get along without him. What do you suppose I heard him telling Mrs. Clarence Cornell's butler, who was over to see him last night? I happened to be at the dumb-waiter, and heard him down in the dining-room, as plain as day. He said, if it wasn't for the extra wages, he wouldn't stay with us a month; that we was very good people, and didn't look any too close after the leavin's, but we was *parvenues;* he'd never lived with *parvenues* before! What do you see in that to laugh at? The fellow's deserving of a better place? I do believe you laugh just as heartily when the joke's against you as when it's for you.) You can bring on the pudding, Thomas. (He said, also, that he'd a dozen bottles of champagne laid up for the party. I inferred it was to

come off the first night we should be out late.)

Did I buy me a shawl to-day? Didn't I just say that I hadn't spent twenty dollars? I wouldn't wear a camel's hair that cost less than seven hundred. No, I didn't take any, for it's getting rather late in the season for them; but I looked at two or three hundred in the course of the day. I *did* intend to take a velvet cloak, but Fitz Simmons persuaded me to wait until next week; "because," as she whispered to me just as I was going to order it sent home, "we can have the pleasure of deciding next time; there's always such a charming excitement about purchasing a velvet cloak!" Poor dear! *she* hasn't had that excitement for the last two years. What little money I did spend was for her. She coveted a lace set so much, and I knew she needed it badly, and so I made her a present of it. She'll be in a good humor with me for the next month; and, to tell the truth, I like her best when she's most pleased; she has a cool kind of way of saying things to you and about you when she isn't. Why is such friendship like pork? You can answer that

best yourself, my love. Because it has a remarkable value? To be sure it has; she and I understood that thoroughly. As she says herself, "she is my letter of introduction; I couldn't any more get along without her than a stranger in a foreign land could without his passports." That was such a funny idea about the foreign land; she thought I didn't understand it fully, but I did. There's a mighty distance, I can tell you, between B—— Street and a three-story brick, and the Avenue and four-story brown stone; it's as far as from here to Paris, though, to be sure, a person can travel it in fifteen minutes by stage. And, for your part, you don't feel any more to home in it than you would in Paris; if you could get back to the old place you'd be happy as a pig in clover? It's astonisning what a difference in tastes there is! Now, Fitz Simmons, she—Blast Mrs. Fitz Simmons? How can you be so wicked as to use such language, Rasher? You'd like to blow her up. you mean! I'll warrant you! You can't even let me have a female friend in peace. You hurt my feelings, sir, speaking in that manner of a woman who—' Ought to be bar-

reled up." O horror, Mr. Rasher! barrel up my dearest friend! Nothing could have put such a savage, such a ferocious idea into your head except the business you follow. It all comes of your dealing in mess pork, I know it does. You only meant that, as she was always getting other persons into a pickle, she ought to be pickled herself? Excuse yourself for your unnatural ferocity in that way, if you please. Very well, I'll let it pass; but if she ever disappears mysteriously I shall know where she has gone to. I don't know but I shall begin to be afraid of you myself. I've always heard that butchers were cruel and hard-hearted, and though you are not a butcher exactly, you and they have dealings together, and you may catch it of 'em. Another cup of coffee? How long will it take you to learn that it's not genteel to take more'n one cup after dinner, and that you shouldn't take cream in it? I'll let you have it, seeing we are alone; but I'd advise you to begin to practice, so as not to forget at my next dinner party.

Fitz Simmons is *so* sorry I didn't get my carriage earlier in the season, as she and I could have a splendid time showing it off in

the Central Park. She's nearly crazy to get to drive out there with a new carriage, and new liveries, and coat-of-arms, and all. We're going out to-morrow, if it's fine. There'll be dozens and dozens of our friends there, and she says it'll be glorious to show 'em we can go as well as they. You know you won't be back from your warehouse in time to go; and she's promised to accompany me every time. You *had* thought of trying to get home to-morrow to drive out with me, as you'd like to see the improvements? Couldn't you put it off till some other day, my dear? *I*'d just as soon you'd go along as not—almost; but Fitz hadn't, I know. There! you needn't look mad! I don't wonder she don't take to you, particularily when you talk of treating her as if she were—a—don't flirt your chair back in that manner, if you please. I declare, if you ain't tilting it against the wall, and putting your feet on the rungs? I've always scolded you about that, ever since the first nice set of chairs we got, after we'd been eight months to housekeeping—six mahogany ones, with black haircloth cushions. I took more comfort with those chairs than I do

with all the lot we've got in our parlors now, because they were the *first* nice ones I'd ever had. It used to worry me so when you'd tip back in 'em and put your feet on the rungs when you was telling your stories of evenings; and I'd say, "Remember, my dear!" and you'd laugh, and say, "A man that had worked hard all day ought to take some comfort in the evening with a nice home and a nice wife in it;" but you'd take your feet down, for all. I believe you was better tempered then than you are now. *You* guess it's I that was better tempered? There's Thomas back again, and let's go in the library, where we can have some peace talking, without a low fellow eavesdropping every word. My! I guess I've eaten too much dinner, by the lump I feel in my stomach; but shopping always makes me dreadfully hungry; it's about as hard work as I care to do. I picked out a set of pearls today for Cerintha, for a Christmas present when she's home from school; and a diamond brooch and earrings for myself. Mrs. Fitz Simmons advised me to take them. She said it was getting to be such hard times that every such thing was cheaper

than usual, and it was a splendid time to buy. You guess you'll have to put a stop to all such extras for the present? Why so? It's hard times for you as well as other folks? Nonsense, Rasher! you're not going to frighten me into being economical. Folks have got to eat, if it is hard times; and as long as there's people to eat, pork will sell. You see I know something about business, if I am a woman. I'm going for the things to-morrow, and you may expect they'll be sent home to-morrow night. The bill will come with them, and you'll have it to pay. You'd advise me not to order them? Seems to me that you're taking on uncommon airs to-night. You're not taking on airs, but you do not choose to be regarded as a convenient household machine out of which money can be pumped whenever wanted, and the rest of the time to be kept out of the way as much as possible? Oh! you're referring to the ride, are you? There's plenty of women ride around without their husbands at their side every instant; women that have got stylish husbands, too, of whom they might be proud. The reason why I suspected Fitz wouldn't care about your

company to-morrow is that she has invited a friend of hers to go along, a very fine young man that you could have no objection to. There's room in the carriage for four? Perhaps there is, if you insist upon going along. We'll try and make room for you, if you want to go. You *don't* want to go? Then what have you been making all this fuss about? Men are so unreasonable! I think they were made to provoke and torment the female sex. We'd get along better if every one of them was banished to some world of their own! Only I don't know who'd settle the bills and keep out housebreakers, and bring us our coal and kindling-wood, and keep the boys in hammers and hobby-horses; though, to be sure, the children then would all be little girls, and wouldn't want anything but dolls, which we could make for them. What's that? I've forgotten those delightful clerks! How could I get along without *them?* It's very true it would be rather melancholy work, shopping and giving parties, and all that; but we wouldn't have to be bothered with husbands, which would be a privilege worth making some sacrifices for, and—la! there's

the Schottishe and the Lanciers; we'd have to dispense with those sweet dances, which would be a great disappointment to the girls, just as they are ready to come out. I'd be willing there should be a few men in the world, if they were all what they ought to be. Why am I worse than my own wish? Dear me! I can't guess, and I don't want to. But why am I, my love; Because that was a rash wish, but I am a Rasher! Oh, I'm going to be coaxed into a good humor by a vulgar conundrum. You think yourself so very witty, just let *me* return the compliment. What would the women do if the men were all banished to another sphere? Try to go after them? No, that's not it. What is it, then? Well, I don't know myself; but I thought I'd pay you back in your own coin, you're always so dreadfully funny.

What are you leaning your head down on the piano cover for? It aches, and you were wishing Felicia was at home to play for you? She's a splendid perfessor they say, better than Cerintha. I'm glad she's got something to set her off, and help her make a good match, for she's not near so

pretty as her sister—she's dumpy, like you. Good gracious, Rasher, how you startled me! What did you thump your fist down in that style for? If you'd only remember that ladies have nerves, you'd be more agreeable. You are thinking of your children—wondering if they would have to come home, learn such trash, and live such lives as we are living! Why, we live nearly as well as the Cornells, and my girls will be envied by the most of their acquaintances. Thinking of their moral and spiritual lives? If you mean, as the father of a family, to insinuate there's anything immoral about this house, speak out plainly, and you'll hurt my feelings less; while, as for spiritual, you get beyond my comprehension there. I'm a consistent member of a highly respectable church; I had my children baptized in their infancy; and I presume the girls will be confirmed in their mother's church, of their own accord, after they've had a season or two of gayety, which it is very natural they should desire. Now, sir, I want you to explain yourself, and if you've any charges to make, make 'em. This is the first time I've seen tears on your cheeks since we buried

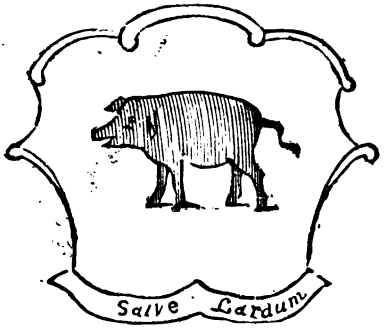
little Timothy, and if you've any good cause for 'em, let me know. You did not intend anything so serious as I inferred, but you do not like the frivolity, the want of real happiness, the attempt to show off—. There! there! you needn't go farther. If that's all you've got on your mind, you may keep it there. It's infringing on the privileges of our sex for a man to be giving curtain lectures; and if you ain't curtain-lecturing exactly, you're meddling with the affairs of the house, which if you don't quit, you'll see me down to the warehouse some day, carrying on your business for you. My girls are girls for any mother to be proud of —graceful, stylish, educated—up to the ropes in good society, and capable of setting an example to you and me both; and what you find to cry about on their account is a mystery to me. And now, I'm going to the opera to-night; if you want to go along, you may. You guess you'll step over to Brown's and spend the evening? I think it's a very good idea; you haven't been there for some time now. Give my love to Mrs. Brown, and if she asks why I haven't been there for so long, tell her I've been ex-

tremely busy—"shopping and riding with more fashionable friends"—but am going to come soon and take tea with her. You can't see what there is in the opera? Neither can I, so far as the music is concerned, but I can see a good deal through my opera-glass that's interesting to me; and it's an excellent place to wear handsome things. When Fitz is in my box, as she usually is, we have such pleasant chats with the young men, between acts; and there is no better place to display jewels and mantles and dress bonnets; besides, it *won't* do not to be there. I don't understand the music, but I pretend to, and when young Grimace says "Divine!" "superb!" I say, "It is indeed perfectly refulgent!" or cast up my eyes, sigh, and say nothing, which is much more effective. When Fitz Simmons leans forward and holds her breath, I do the same. I dare say, none of our set knows but what I am enraptured, when I'm dying with impatience to have Patti done with her screaming, so that I can finish the sweet conversation I was having with our friends before she began. But la! I hear the carriage coming to the door, and I've got my dress

to change yet. Good-night, my dear, take care of yourself: I suppose Mrs. Brown will treat you to some ginger-nuts and bottled cider. You'll be home and asleep before I get back. If you're tired, you'd better take the stage down as far as B—— Street. Good-night.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DRIVE.



DID I enjoy my ride this afternoon? Oh, immensely! It's so fortunate you weren't along, Rasher, for I hadn't much more'n driven around for Fitz and her friend, before we saw Grimace sauntering along the avenue, as if he didn't know what to do with himself, and so we picked him up and took him along, and he was so delighted with the chance, it would have been a pity not to have given it to him. He isn't able to keep even a single horse to ride out on, though he hires one from Disbon occasionally, and it was a real treat to him to show himself

off in such an elegant establishment as ours. Of course, as you own an establishment, you can go wherever you please, and it wouldn't have been such a treat to you. You don't see as you can? Well, who prevents? I'm sure you can have the carriage whenever I'm not using it. Don't you ride down to your place of business in it every once in awhile? It was such an Injun-summer kind of day, everybody was taking advantage of it; I don't suppose we shall have another such a day this season. The next time I go to the Central Park I presume I shall go upon skates—after I get there, I mean. You'd advise me not to try skates at my time of life? And why not, I'd like to know! You are afraid of the consequences of a fall to a woman weighing nearly two hundred? Pshaw! I don't weigh an ounce over a hundred and seventy-five, and if I go upon parlor-skates there'll be no danger of my falling. Fitz can cut figures on the ice, she's so expert. What kind of a figure do you think I'd cut?—the figure of a pig on the ice? This isn't the first time, Rasher, you've compared your wife to those vile animals in which you deal. A man with one

particle of refined feeling in his breast would never be guilty of so indelicate an allusion. It's well I'm as large as I am, and able to take my own part, for a man who can *say* such things wouldn't hesitate to whip his wife, if he was big enough. But you ain't, my love, and you know it. You're under my thumb pretty well, and if you don't behave yourself I'll allow you less privileges than you have now. You shan't come into the room at all when I've company, and you'll have to go up a story higher to sleep; it's ridiculous to think of *you* sleeping under a silk counterpane. What's that? I've got a *sty* coming on my eye! I haven't either—I never had one in my life. My eyes are red, riding in the wind to-day. The next thing in order you'll be accusing me of having four feet, and being a biped and done with it.

I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so well as I did to-day. My hat was as handsome as any I saw, and my cloak was splendid. I went out this morning and got the velvet I was speaking of. Our carriage is very well calculated to show off our dress. Next year I mean to have one made so that

people can see to the best advantage all I have on, down to my gaiters, with a fender round it to keep off the mud; it will be so pleasant to ride around, like a queen on a throne, without mussing up your skirts any, and very beneficial to the health. My health is not so good as it might be; I have a pain in my stomach after eating turtle soup or ducks with dressing; probably, next summer, I shall have to ride a great deal for my health. I intend to take our establishment to Newport. And, oh, dear me, Rasher, don't you think you'll be able to afford a set of gold-mounted harness by that time? I saw a set to-day—it was splendid! and I felt so provoked at our plain silver mountings. I think it is almost the height of bliss to recline in a luxurious carriage, with your best things on, and drive slowly around the Drive, nodding to your friends as you pass 'em, and scrutinizing them at your ease. I never expected to arrive at such an earthly Paradise when I married you, Rasher. You've worked hard enough to bring it about, and think I ought to show a little gratitude, instead of trying to crush you out of existence, as it were? I have never tried to crush

you out of existence, my dear. If you'd do as I've asked you to so often, I should bring bring you forward all I could. All I want is for you to wear kid gloves, and not put your hands in your pockets, nor talk about your business, nor slap folks on the shoulder when you're talking to 'em, and not talk so much in company, and leave off them horrid flowered vests, and learn a few French phrases, and keep quiet, and dress in black. Now, what are you smiling about? You were thinking, if you should do all that, I'd be guilty of bigamy? How so? Because you wouldn't be the man I married any more?

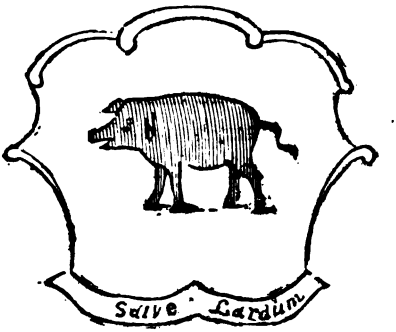
You aren't putting your hat on to go anywhere, are you? Going to your club! Rasher! have you joined a club? Didn't you always promise me you would never do it as long as you had a wife and children? You might as well have none? It's very bad and unreasonable for you to fling out in that way because I occasionally go out evenings, when you stay to home of your own choice. It will be very uncomfortable coming back from parties and places, and finding you not back from your club yet,

and having to be disturbed by your coming in after I've retired; and that's the way it will be if you belong to one of those horrid things. You'll get to card-playing and telling your never-ending stories till after midnight. I pity the club that *you* 'll belong to; obliged to listen to your stale jokes and tedious anecdotes, and perhaps having you play practical jokes at their expense; and it 'll cost enough to get me them diamonds. There! I guess that's them now; and if you don't take them and pay for them, I shall be so mortified I shall never want to go to that store again. "A consummation most devoutly to be wished?" There they are, sure enough! just look at them, my love —beauties! It would be disgraceful to send 'em back, and the messenger's waiting for your check. You guess you'll give him a check? Oh, my dear, don't keep me in such suspense; say yes or no. There that's a good little man! I knew you would! Come, hang up your hat again, and sit here in my boudoir. I don't expect any company to-night, and we'll have an old-fashioned chat. See this lovely Egyptian vase that I brought home yesterday. It looks to you like an ugly

earthen jug? That's because you don't appreciate it. Our tastes require cultivation, Mr. Critic Aster says, and it's true. Now, I didn't use to like Sultana Sauce with my roast beef, and I do since I've cultivated a taste for it. By the way, what was you quoting to Critic Aster the other night, with such a grand flourish, that made Mrs. Cornell and others laugh so? He was saying something to you about the divine mission of the writer and poet, or some such highfalutin' I didn't entirely understand, and you —"Told him I considered that 'the *pen* was mightier than the sword;' and, while he was bowing and smiling his acknowledgment of the compliment, I added, 'The pig-pen, I mean, of course, sir, to which I owe all of my prosperity.'" He'll never come here again, Mr. Rasher, after such an avowal as that, and I was just priding myself upon having induced him to come to my house; he's quite the fashion, and I was tickled to death to get him, and you've went and gone and ruined everything, as usual. It's up-hill business getting into the best society when one of the team is pulling back with all his might.

CHAPTER V.

SEVERAL ACCIDENTS.



You've got to stay at home to-day, Rasher, and help me pass away the time. I shan't be able to stir off this sofa to-day, and perhaps not to-morrow, and here it is right in the midst of the holidays; it's only four days to New Year's. If I shouldn't be able to receive calls on New Year's, I should be awfully put out. O dear! I wish I hadn't gone skating! You told me there were *weighty* reasons for my not going a-skating? Well, supposing you did? Everybody goes, and what everybody does, *we* must do, if we want to keep our footing. What's that? If I'd kept my

footing it would all have been well enough? O dear! I wonder if you're going to ridicule and make fun of me all day? If you are, I might as well let you go. I shouldn't care about your staying, if I was in a condition to receive calls of condolence gracefully; but one doesn't like to be condoled with for slipping down on the ice. I was so glad young Flummery was in another part of the pond; he'd have been sure to have made one of his sharp remarks. Spangler is so good-natured; he didn't even laugh, but helped me into my carriage, and he and and Fitz came home with me, and, after seeing me safe into the house, they begged the carriage to go back again and finish the day's sport. So I lent it to them, of course, and they kept it out until eight in the evening, and Patrick had to drive the horses round, and round, and round the Park, to keep them from freezing, he told me. Mrs. Cerulean says it's "frozen poetry" to skate by moonlight; but I don't think I shall try it again, by moonlight or any other light. I don't like anything frozen but ice cream.

O dear! It's dreadful to be laid up, unable to stir without pain, and the dress-

maker expecting me, and Mrs. Cornell's party coming off to-night. I can hardly realize there is another such an unfortunate person in the world. Who's that Patrick is speaking up so to in the hall? Do go and see.

Who was it? "He was turning away a poor woman, whose child got dreadfully burned yesterday while she was out washing, and whose husband is down with the fever, and no money or food in the house." Did you give her anything? A dollar! Humph! You always *would* make a fool of yourself in that way, husband, believing every idle story that's told you by these miserable, lazy creatures. If her child is burned so badly, why isn't it sent to the hospital?—ugh! there was such a twinge went through me then, when I tried to stir—it 'll be better off there, of course. There's one thing curious about this Irish help that works in good families—it's harder on beggars than we are. No need to tell Patrick to turn 'em off without bothering me. What's that? He shoved this woman out brutally? Well, she needn't have forced herself in, then. I suppose, if she'd been a housebreaker,

Rasher, you'd have given her half a dozen silver spoons, and told her how to melt 'em up. It's a weakness of yours, being charitable is, but I s'pose you can't help it, no more than you can your other weaknesses. If you've got a dollar to give to every beggar that asks, you must have a purse full, which makes me free to ask you for something I'm *very* much in need of—in fact, I can't go to the opera again till I have it. I want a set of furs dreadfully; all our set's getting 'em. You thought I had a new and expensive set this very winter? So I did, for street wear, of course—a set of sable; but what I want now is a white set, for evenings. They're *so* sweet for full dress! My *Magenta* velvet with diamonds, and a white cape just slipping off my shoulders, will be very becoming at the Academy. What are you fingering that statute so for? You'll discolor it. I *do* wish you'd be quiet! What are you walking to and fro like a caged animal for? Can't you spend a single morning in the bosom of your family without getting as uneasy as a fish out of water? You'll throw me in a fever if you ain't more considerate.

Thinking? Is that any reason why you

should look as blue as indigo? You ought to try and be cheerful, to have a good effect on me; people should always be cheerful when they're tending the sick. If there really is anything upon your mind, do try and get it off, for my sake. Come and set down side of me, and tell me what you're thinking of. I didn't know as you ever thunk. I can listen to you to-day, for I've nothing better to do. You were wishing I would be a little more prudent? Good gracious, husband! do you mean to insinuate that I've been imprudent—your own Marier? About money, you mean? You are afraid you made the purchase of this house, and so on, in a bad time? Business, especially pork-packing, is almost at a stand-still? Then why don't you go into some other business? It's the wish of my heart that you *would.* I *hate* pork-packing, and if it—"isn't as *fat* a job as it used to be" —there, there! you'll die with a pun in your mouth—has come to a stop, *I,* for one, am glad of it. Quit it and invest in some other stock—I don't mean live stock, but something they have in Wall street—bulls and bears, or something. I never just understood

what, only I know it's highly respectable. I should feel a great deal more respect for you, Rasher, if you were a banker or a broker. If you should "break" would you be a broker? Well, really, I can't say. You'd better answer that question yourself. But, seriously, if your business is so poor, why don't you sell out and invest in something better, instead of asking your wife to deny herself the necessities of life? How are you to sell out a business that isn't worth anything? Oh, really, I don't pretend to know *how* you are to do it; that is your look-out. You've always been a good, sensible business man, despite of your other failings; you've made money, and been liberal with it in your family; and now if you're going to fail, or flat out, or get stingy, the little respect I have for you will be lost, that's all I've got to say. It won't be your fault; 'twill be your *failing?* Well, I'd rather have a knave than a fool. O dear! my limb! my limb!

I don't care so much for the pain as I do for the inconvenience. I'll have a chance to put my boudoir to some use to-day lying here, with nothing to do but look at the things in it.

I wish you'd go down town, my dear, and buy me those furs, and bring em' home for me to look at; it will help pass away the time, and take up my mind. Can't think of it? Rasher, you're a brute! a perfect brute, or you could never refuse so trifling a request to a sick wife. Ring the bell, then, for Rosine, and ask her to bring down my diamonds, and my new watch and chatelaine, and that bracelet you give me Christmas; it'll be a comfort to me to have 'em in my lap, and turn 'em over once in a while. I'm so used to being about, it's hard for me to give up a single day. If Mrs. Cerulean was here, she would say, "Oh, my dear Mrs. Rasher, what a nice chance to spend a quiet day in reading! I quite envy you!" but I shouldn't believe her if she did say so. I don't believe anybody ever was really very fond of reading; I don't see how they can be, it's horribly stupid—all but the stories, and I don't set so much store by them as I did when I was younger.

Why don't Rosine come with them diamonds? I wish you'd ring the bell again, my dear, and when she comes in, ask her what she was so long coming for? If I ask her, she'll look at me so impertinently she'll

make me nervous. I hear her and Thomas giggling in the hall now—they're the torment of my life, them two are, just smart enough and sharp enough to be impudent in such a way we can't notice it. Why don't I give 'em warning? What would I do if I did? I couldn't give dinner parties without Thomas, and it's a proof of our gentility to have him. Everybody knows he's been in the best families. As for Rosine, she's got such good taste, and knows what's proper and becoming, and fixes me up so beautifully for every occasion, I can't dispense with her. Mrs. Cornell is dying to get her; but I don't intend she shall go to her, to make fun of me to her new mistress. It would be more gratifying to Mrs. Cornell than it would be to me. Hush, there she is, now! I desire you to bring me something to amuse me, Rosine; you may fetch me my jewelry, just for me to look at, and—come back, Rosine! hand me that vinegarette, and tell Thomas to tell the cook to be sure and have onions for dinner, for I want some awfully, and as there'll be no company, I suppose I can eat 'em; and I guess you may say corn-beef and cabbage with apple-dumplings and noodle-soup, as

there's to be nobody here. And order Patrick to admit no one whatever, except Mrs. Fitz Simmons, or, maybe, Mr. Spangler, if he calls. He's such a good-natured, nice young man, he won't be ridiculing me to my face like Flummery. Be sure and tell Patrick—nobody else.

Do sit down, Rasher, my dear; your walking about makes me nervous. You can't stay at home a day without acting as if you did not know what to do with yourself. You couldn't even get through Sunday, if it wasn't for church twice, and you generally get to sleep there. If I didn't keep nudging and nudging you, you'd actually get to snoring. You show you're a business man by your very fidgeting. It ain't at all like the young men who are in the habit of calling here; they drop in so softly, and sit on the sofa or in an easy chair for half a day, if I'm to home and can let 'em stay, and never move about or fidget a bit. You'd scarcely know they had hands, they use 'em so little, and they're so white and small; they seem made for nothing but to hold the bouquets they bring me, and flirt about their lawn handkerchiefs once in a while. I admire

them young men immensely, and if Cerintha and Felicia get married to any of 'em, I shall be proud of 'em. All they seem to want is to get the soft corner of the sofa, and say pretty things to the ladies who call on me, and witty things about them when they're gone, and have something nice for lunch, with a glass of champagne, and Fitz Simmons to laugh with them; and have the rooms warm, and everything comfortable, and me in a good humor. They praise my servants, and my chicken salad, and my macaroons and wine, and my dress, and seem to like everything, which is very kind of them; then they're naturally so critical. Oh, now, ain't you ashamed to turn up your nose in that style? If I didn't know you as well as I do, I should think you were envious of these young gentlemen. There's one thing you *do* envy 'em? What? The fact that they don't have to pay the bills? Always thinking about bills and money, and such vulgar things. I don't suppose *they* ever think about what things cost; they're so innocent and so genteel. *Me* that's innocent? Everybody makes a fool of me, even my hired help? No, they don't, neither; there's

one person don't, and that's you, Rasher! You never did make a fool of me, and you never will, except when I married you, and it would be hard to tell then which was the biggest fool. Ugh! ugh! I wish I hadn't gone a-skating.

Here's Rosine with my jewelry. If the dressmaker sends home my dress, bring it in here before you take it up stairs. Too bad, I can't wear it out to-night! Yes, it is, Rosine. It is to be one of the handsomest parties of the season. Be sure and tell the cook about the onions.

What are you slipping out so softly for, Rasher? Thought you'd go down town awhile, now I had my playthings to amuse me? No, no, I want some one to talk to, I feel just like talking. If Fitz should come, I'll let you go. Don't care about staying to be scolded? If I were in your place I wouldn't steal off, because I'm lame, and can't follow you. You might put up with a little crossness, when you know how my limb hurts me. "In sickness and in health" were the very words you breathed at the marriage altar, and now you want to slip out, and go off and enjoy yourself as well

as usual, and me a-suffering in the house, unable to stir off this sofa. It's just like a man. The male sex is the very acme of selfishness, as a general thing, and the episode of women. There, there, you needn't go to putting your arm around my neck, you'll get my headdress out of place. How do you like this *robe de chambre?* I'm glad I had it made ready for an emergency. Rosine says it's very becoming; and if I should feel easier by afternoon, I think I'll see a few of my intimate friends. Better have a bed put up in the front parlor? You never will be fashionable, Rasher, if you live in the best society till the day you die. "Can't make a whis—" Hush! hush! if you want to make me nervous and bring on a fever, and have to have the doctor called, just begin those illusions to the shop.

And now, Rasher, we're alone together, and, in a confidential mood, I wish you'd tell me, sacredly and solemnly, whether you've played any trick on me about our coat-of-arms? I've looked and looked in the end of the dictionary, all through the Latin phrases, and other foreign tongues, and I can't find "Salve Lardum," nor the mean-

ing of it. But I've noticed, time and again, people smiling in their sleeves when they examined it, and Flummery is always complimenting me about it. But he's queer, and says what he don't mean. Husband! you needn't deny it; I know by the look of your eye it's one of your outrageous practical jokes, and I'll get Fitz Simmons to ask Spangler what it really is. The very thought of it is enough to spoil my appetite, and I was going to have a good old-fashioned dinner, such as we both like.

This is one of Mrs. Yellow Dock's reception days. I wish I'd stayed in my chamber and had my lounge wheeled to the window, and I could have seen all the carriages, and the dresses of the ladies. It's tiresome looking at diamonds when you can't wear them. She's called twice, and I owe her one now. They're an older family than we, by over three years, but she didn't seem to feel it much. Draw your chair up side of me, and let's have a talk about old times. I was real happy, husband, the first years of our wedded life, when you used to come home of evenings and tell how well you was a-doing, and how trade was looking up, and I might

have a silk dress twice a year, when you got a little richer. But I never thought of diamonds then. There! I'm sure I heard somebody at the key-hole then. Them servants will drive me distracted, if I don't—turn 'em away? That's what the men always say—turn 'em away, and get a new set, as if that would better matters, when they're all alike. It's we who spoil them? And how do we spoil them, when we indulge 'em in everything, and they live as well as we do? But, of course, if anything goes wrong, the wives are to blame. Don't, dear, meddle with the tassels of my gown; you'll friz up the silk. There's Patrick letting somebody in; it's Fitz Simmons, I hear her voice, and Spangler's with her. You can slip out now, if you want to, my love. I don't care about your staying, now that I've other company. It'll be three hours to dinner. By-by.

. . . . . .

Rasher! Rasher! wake up, Rasher! I'm sure there's burglars in the house. I've been laying awake with the pain in my leg, and I've heard curious sounds this long while. They've been in the parlors, and

dining-room, and all over. I think they're in the dining-room now. There! didn't you hear that? Oh, don't get up, don't! they might come in and kill me while you was out. I'd rather they'd take every piece of silver they can lay hands on than to stay here alone a minute. Open the window and call the watch. Supposing they do "make off with they booty at the first alarm?" I don't want to be murdered. O dear, are you really going? Well, then, I'll just get up and turn the key till you get back. It hurts me so to walk, and I'm all in a tremble with fright. Knock, if you get back safe, my love, and tell me it's you, and I'll let you in.

Is that you, my dear? Wait a moment, till I get the lock turned. I'm so scared I haven't much strength. Did you see the burglars? Come in, come in! Did they run away when they saw you? Have they taken—wasn't burglars? I certainly heard mysterious noises—the servants are having a party? La! did you ever! They've took advantage of my being lame and your going to bed early, I s'pose. Come down and take a peep at 'em? I wish I could. Wait

till I slip on this wrapper. Now lend me your arm. There I guess I can limp along. *(Peeping through the glass door of the dining-room and whispering.)* If that don't

They're just serving the refreshments.

beat all! There must be as many as thirty of 'em; and Rosine has got on my new dress and every particle of my jewelry! She looks real genteel in them, too. Do see how she has drawn that belt to make it

tighter! The cook's dressed up in my black moire-antique and Maltese lace set. They're just serving the refreshments—cold turkey, sandwiches (they must have boiled a ham to-day), biscuits, coffee, canned strawberries, my best brandied peaches, sugar, cream, etc.; and, oh, Rasher, have you counted the wine-bottles?—fifteen already, as sure as you are alive! Aren't they killingly polite, though? The cook's taking me off to a turn! and Rosine is playing Mrs. Cornell. They say stolen sweets are the nicest, and I do think these folks are having a good time generally. O horror! I hope Rosine won't spill any of that cream on my new silk!

Look at Thomas! he takes you off to a dot, my dear, only he's taller and better looking. That is just the bobbing little kind of a bow which renders you so insignificant, my dear; and his arm behind his back. O my! I shall smother with trying not to laugh, with hearing him blowing his nose—just as you blow yours when you're a little embarrassed, my love, exactly; and that grabbing way of grasping his handkerchief! I knew Rosine was a saucy minx,

but I didn't think Thomas had so much of the actor in him. He's been impudent enough, goodness knows, but I didn't believe he was so sly. Sixteen bottles of wine! ten of 'em our best champagne, and the rest our topaz sherry.

What shall we do? Those refreshments alone will cost us thirty or forty dollars, and their impertinence besides. I'm as mad as fire! Living on the fat of the land, and doing nothing but make fun of us. They'd get up a regular shindig, if it wasn't for making too much noise. Wouldn't they scatter, if they knew who was up and looking at 'em! I guess we'd better go back to bed, husband, and let 'em have it out. They've done all the harm they can; I suppose they'll set things to rights and be very demure to-morrow. What are you going to do, Rasher? Thrash Thomas? Oh, don't, don't! he's twice as strong as you, and the rest of them great fellows will attack you. You'll have the police in, and a row. O dear! I never saw you so determined. Do wait till I get up stairs, at least.

Well, my dear, what did you say to 'em? Ordered 'em all out of the house except cook

and Rosine? You haven't dismissed Thomas, have you? Kicked him into the street, and gave the girls warning? O dear! dear! I'm so sorry it ever happened. I know they deserved it, richly, but I was relying upon Thomas for New Year's. I can't get along without him. Guess I'll have to? That's just as inconsiderate as you are—and only three days to New Year's, and no time to look up another waiter, such as could take all the responsibility, as Thomas could. There are plenty of my friends who will be glad to snatch him up, if he *was* caught stealing the wine; and he'll go away angry, and make us ridiculous. Our dearest friends wouldn't be a bit too polite to quizz him. That's the way the world goes in society. What do I try so hard to get into it for? Why, because, I suppose. If we've got the means, why shouldn't we? Rosine will go right off and hire to Mrs. Cornell, and tell her I didn't know the names of my toilet things, and was going to wear my calling-bonnet to church, and that I wear Canton-flannel night-dresses. All of which will be very disgraceful? Of course it will, in our set. It wouldn't hurt me half so much to

have a downright flirtation with Mr. Spangler, or you to forge your name to the amount of half a million, as it would for me to wear white gloves when I ought to have worn lilac ones, or for what you did at dinner to the Peterses, when you toasted the pork business in a glass of their old Madeira, which their grandfather himself brought away from the island in one of his own merchant vessels, forty years ago. But you can never be a gentleman, I'm afraid, Rasher; and now that you've sent off Thomas, there'll be nobody to keep things right, and give 'em an air. I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night for thinking of New Year's and all my troubles. Did you get my jewelry from Rosine, and see to the silver? it's such a care to be mistress of an establishment like this. We must have a housekeeper and a steward, or I shall never get along. You wouldn't be surprised if I should be washing my own dishes before the end of a year? You're saying that for the pleasure of making me nervous and breaking my rest, when I've enough else to break it. It's nothing to you, who are always asleep the minute your head touches the pillow, how long other people

lie awake thinking about all kind of unpleasant things. Why is my leg like Victor Emmanuel? Who's he, I'd like to know, and how can I guess when I've no idea? Because it is a-king? Pshaw, how silly you are! You took *great pains* in making that pun? Which reminds you to ask why my leg is like the window? Oh, get out! You don't want to? Well, lie still, then. Because it is pane-full? Well, that's true enough, anyhow; and I wish you'd get up and hand me that hops-and-vinegar. Now, Rasher, what *are* you tittering nbout? You were wondering if I were not able to go to any more hops, if the hops would come to me? Do hold your tongue, and give my limb a good rubbing. That would be a rubber of whist? I do believe that kicking Thomas out of doors has had an enlivening effect upon you. You *do* feel relieved to be rid of the puppy? Master of your own house once more, and intend to remain so? It's remarkable to see you show so much spirit, Rasher; and I think none the less of you for it; though, as for Thomas—did you actually kick him out of doors? It boots not to remember?

Them hops have a powerful soothing effect. I feel quite drowsy, and believe I can go to sleep if everything is quiet about the house. If you should step out into my basin of hops in the morning, would the son rise in the east? I wish I'd married a man that —never made light of Ceres matters? There, go on, interrupting me in the most intolerable manner; a man that never—pun-ished his wife?—that never—Why am I like a shoemaker? I was not aware that I resembled—Because I always have the last? Very well, let me have it then. He's snoring now, sure. La, if he ain't waking up again! What did you say, husband? Why is our certificate of marriage like the Evening Bulletin? Well, why is it? Because it's a noose-paper? Now, my love, I'll serve you as you served Thomas if you don't quit them exasperating conundrums, and let me get some rest. I'm sprained, and can't kick? Oh, you vulgar monster! you unrefined creature! you're a bear, Rasher, and you know it, or you never could make such a comparison. What? You see mischief a-Bruin, since I've got to calling you a bear? Which reminds you to ask why you and those hops are alike?

Hops, again! Both a-brewin'? You had that over once before. I wouldn't repeat myself if I were you. Why are you like my new watch, when you make the same pun twice? Because you're a repeater? Well, I wish you'd be like it in another respect—I wish, for mercy's sake, you'd run down. Now, husband, for goodness gracious' sake, what are you about? Going to send for a nurse to come to take care of my first and only? *Get* back into bed! I only hope that the cook will leave without getting you any breakfast—it would serve you right. I guess, when you get up in the morning, and find no waiter in the dining-room, no cook in the kitchen, and not even a fire in the furnace or range, you'll realize what you have done. If the cook *does* stay to get breakfast, I'd advise you to be careful what you eat, and notice if your coffee has any strange taste, for she's a high-tempered thing, and she may put some of that vermin destroyer you brought home lately into your food. You don't believe cook is so old-fashioned as to have pies-on for breakfast?

There, he's really asleep at last! I wish I could drop off as easily. But I must tor-

ment myself with wondering if my jewelry is all safe, and what I shall do for a new set of servants. I suppose Rosine will expect me to make her a present of that new silk, now that I've detected her getting the first wear of it. I shall tell Mrs. Cornell of that trick, which will prevent her taking her, I hope; for she's so excruciatingly nice about her clothes, she won't relish the idea of her waiting-maid wearing the best of 'em every time she's out; and perhaps the odor of an Irish pipe hanging about the waist of it when she goes to put it on.

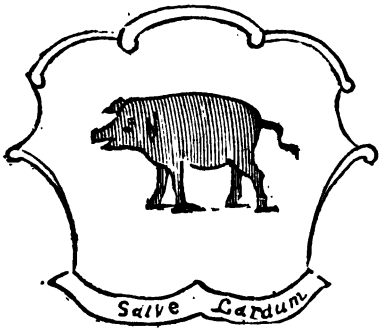
I hope Thomas won't tell about my asking him how to seat my company at dinner, and how to dish out the *Dariolas* with *Ratafias* and the *Bavarian Cream.*

What was I saying about Thomas? Nothing, to you. I thought you was fast asleep. O dear! I suppose all the world is coming away from Mrs. Cornell's grand party about this time; and here I am, instead of having been there in my new dress, laid up in bed with a lame limb, and the servants acting like distraction, and everything at sixes and sevens. I hope the new year won't begin as unpropitious as it threatens. If Rasher

should really fail! It makes me sick to think of it! It will be a great deal harder to go back to our old way of living than as if we had never left it, and the poor girls! *their* prospects will be ruined. Rasher can't feel about as I do, or he wouldn't be so ready to laugh and joke. I declare, if he isn't laughing in his sleep! Rasher! Rasher! what are you dreaming about? "Dreamed I was kicking Thomas down the steps, and when he got up groaning I told him he needn't grunt, for it was all sham-pain; that, because he was too full of cups, he needn't think he could set in and sauce, sir! To clear out, and never let me see his face again; and if he made any complaint of a salt, I'd have him put in a cell-ah! And so he left, and now it's all right. Good-night Marier!"

CHAPTER VI.

DOMESTIC.



DARN your stockings, Mr. Rasher? If that don't cap the climax! It would be pretty work to occupy my mornings in my boudoir; or no, I'd better keep 'em for parlor "fancy work" of evenings, when I've only a few calls, and Flummery is drumming at the piano or making himself agreeable to Fitz. I expect he'd want to take lessons in the fashionable and elegant art of darning old socks, he's so critical and fastidious. He always holds my silk for me, when he's here of mornings and I've got any to wind, and I presume he'd be delighted

to hold a skein of blue yarn. If you're really not able, Rasher, to buy yourself new stockings when the old ones get holes in 'em, perhaps I'll provide myself with a darning-needle, stay to home and mend 'em for you. You frequently advise me to be more economical, and here's a fair chance to begin. I do believe a man, be he high or low, rich or poor, is never satisfied with his wife, except when she is darning his socks or making a pudding. If any one should ask me my idea of the male sex, I should describe it as a rapacious pudding-bag with a pair of worn-out socks on the end of it; while the female sex would be represented as everlastingly busy trying to fill the bag with ceaseless pudding, and darning the socks at intervals, Growing poetical? Husband, there's that in the treatment of the masculine race that's calculated to make us indignant, if there's a spark of resentment in our breasts.

"They were such nice lambs'-wool, and you thought, as I'd nothing else to do, they were worth"—Nothing else to do! nothing to do! Hurried, and worried, and flurried to death, with six servants setting me distracted, and company, and going out con-

stantly! *Nothing to do* but set down and darn socks! Here I am, just home from the matinee, and hungry for my dinner, expecting half a dozen friends in this evening that I asked when I was at the Academy, and engaged for all day to-morrow going calling, and out to the ball in the evening, and I've *nothing to do!*

You thought it would seem so old-fashioned and pleasant to see me with my work-basket, passing a quiet evening, you talking and reading the paper, and me darning the heels and toes of your socks? Once for all, my dear, I don't consider anything pleasant that's old-fashioned, and as for my having been in the habit, in former days of economizing, I wish you wouldn't refer to to it; it makes me nervous. You're as sentimental as Cerintha, this minute, and I'm sure a person, to look at you, wouldn't think there was a particle of sentiment in you, which I heartily wish there wasn't, as it's always making you ridiculous. I've got so many other balls to keep a-rolling I can't condescend to a ball of yarn? Now add something about "spinning street-yarn,"

and then you'll have run through the usual lists of a man's witticisms.

What's that sticking out of your vest pocket? Dear me! I'm delighted! Why didn't you tell me when you first came in?

ARTISTS' RECEPTION.

Admit Mr. Basher.

Wadworth's Hall,

Thursday Evening, Feb'y 21, 1883.

GEO. A. BAKER,
WM. OLIVER STONE,
LAUNT THOMPSON, } *Executive Committee.*

Compliments of *Lake Brown.*

La! and another one for me.

Admit one Lady.

Mrs. Cornell wanted to go awfully last month, but she couldn't find a gentleman who had an invitation to spare. You may thank *me* husband, for these tickets. If I hadn't proved myself a pattern of the fine arts, by getting all these pictures when the house was furnished, we shouldn't have been asked. I shouldn't care much for going, since there's

no supper nor dancing, and nothing but to look at pictures which I don't care a snap about, if it wasn't a compliment to our taste, and nice to have been there.

You guess it was *you* who procured the tickets, this time? Indeed! And how? You've been ordering two or three pieces to be painted by some of our first artists? You were introduced to some of them, and they were such good fellows you couldn't help it. Well, I expect it's all right. For my part, I admire the frames more than I do the paintings; but other people of our set seem to have got up a mania about such things, and we must follow the lead.

I've a mind to give an Artists' Reception myself, after theirs is over. Flummery says that it's the duty of wealthy people without genius to encourage authors and artists; to scatter, as he said, golden showers upon the dusty pathway trod by the aspiring foot of genius. He said, that even money earned by the wholesale pork business might be hallowed and exalted by being liberally given out for a charming picture or a glowing book. Of course I saw through it all, but it's true as preaching, nevertheless. If I've

an ambition for anything, it's for being considered a patteron of the fine arts. My own particular taste runs to worsted work, and those cunning little dogs and things in Berlin wool, and next to that I admire monochromatics, but we must do as our set does.

Speaking of one thing reminds me of another. I wonder where that Signor Fingerani is that used to give the girls music lessons before they went away to boarding-school. Am I thinking of taking lessons myself, at this late day? I am *not*, Mr. Rasher; though why you should consider me too old to learn, if I was a mind to, I don't see; I am only forty-two, come April. The fact is, I had hard work to coax Rosine to stay, after that time you gave her warning; I had to raise her wages, and make her a present of one of my best second-best silk dresses, and now she's taken a fancy that she's a natural talent for music. She thinks she'd like teaching music better than waiting on ladies, or at least it would help her to pass away the spare time pleasantly, if she knew how to play the piano, and I've thought some of gratifying her, for the sake of keeping her.

Now, Rasher, that's just the way you always do when you're out of patience about nothing, as you always are—flying about the room like a mad hen, making yourself ridiculous. I'm sure you needn't interfere with my management of my own servants—above all, my own lady's maid. There! there! there! you needn't speak; if you do you'll be sure to stutter; control your temper, my dearest, for when a man stutters he's sure to get the worst of it. You see you can't talk half as fast as I, nor half as well, and you might better not begin. Pig-headed? Look out, my love, and don't provoke me, or you'll get your ears boxed soundly. *Me* pig-headed! *me*, indeed! And who but a person with a natural liking for pigs would be engaged in the pork business? If *I* had a married as I *might* have married, and as I've often since regretted I didn't, I might have had my choice of a doctor or a lawyer, and been more congenially united than I have been, instead of being tormented all my days with the smell of bacon, and feeling myself bound by chains of steel to the destiny of a pork merchant. But it's too late to mourn over early indiscretion. I *might* have been—

What's that, Rasher? You haven't forgotten the tailor you cut out? Served him the same trick he served your clothes? There's the bell for dinner. Put on your cravat, my dear, and hurry. Preferred pig to goose, after all? Come, come, the soup'll be cold, and it's your favorite kind. You flatter yourself you saved me from cabbage, if not from pork? Oh, quit your nonsense! *Shear* nonsense? Well, if you want cold soup, *I* don't, and I'm going. What's that he's hollering through the key-hole about my first *suit-her?* "He'd have been a *fitting* companion." Quit your silliness, for I'm down stairs, and I can't hear you. "Did he *press his suit?*" Oh, get out! Here you come, down three stairs at a time; and now you've got rid of half a dozen miserable puns, I s'pose you'll be good natured, and want to hug me, right in the dining-room. Why were your puns so miserable? Because they generally are, I guess. Because they were only sew-sew? Do please be quiet before we get in where the waiter is; and, dear, *do* try and remember not to put your knife in your mouth.

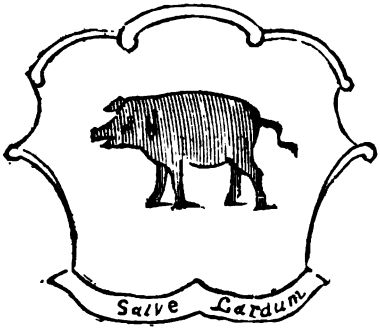
I tell you what it is, if we do have an art-

ists' and authors' reception, as I'm bound to, I mean to have the girls to home. It will be a fine opportunity for them to display their accomplishments, and take a step upward in the social ladder, as Fitz calls it. You say times are a little easier; and I'm going to do what I like. I believe you've been trying to frighten me about your business, when there wasn't the least necessity for it, just for the sake of seeing me going without the comforts of life. I haven't got them white furs yet, and it's coming time to get a camel's-hair shawl for the spring. La, Rasher, I never thought of *your* ordering pictures painted. Did you choose your own subjects? Tell me what you ordered, for I want to speak of it, this evening, to Flummery and Mrs. Cornell. "You saw some excellent portraits of hogs, by Oestel, and ordered two companion-pieces, to hang in my boudoir!"—"also a sweet little landscape, that reminded you of the old homestead, where you was brought up—which you took, only you ordered a group of pigs, in place of the cattle, in the field." Now, my dear, if there's money to be wasted on pictures, I prefer picking 'em out myself, and

shall insist upon doing so. As for having your pigs in the house, I sha'n't do it, no matter how well they're painted. "Connisurs pronounce 'em wonderful." Well, the more they are like hogs, the less I'll like 'em. If you'd had 'em so they could have passed for sheep, I wouldn't have minded, but as it is, if they hang anywhere, they'll hang in the smoking-room. What? "smoked bacon"—yes, make smoked bacon of 'em, for all I care.

CHAPTER VII.

IN HER ELEMENT.



I'm always in my element, Mr. Flummery, when I'm surrounded by congenial spirits, as on this occasion. You and my dear friend Fitz Simmons have been extremely kind in inducing all these celebrated artists, and so many talented people to honor me with their company this evening. I hope the supper will give satisfaction and pay them for their trouble in coming, if nothing else does. But, of course, I don't expect that people of such gifts care for such things as suppers and liquors; I have spared no expense to feast their minds as well as bodies. You observe

I have added twelve new pictures to my collection, which I bought on purpose to add brilliancy to this soiree. Aren't they splendid? the cosiest and most superb I could find, that would go in a private house; and, to whisper the truth to you, I got them surprisingly low. Purchased all at one place, and they made a reduction in consequence of the size of the order. Those four magnificent companion-pieces, "Cole's Voyage of Life," the real originals, I got for three hundred dollars and the frames are worth sixty apiece. Seems to me the company is in unusual good spirits—don't you think so, Mr. Flummery? I knew you'd agree with me. The artists are such a pleasant, sociable kind of people; they ain't as particular about their dress, some of 'em, as they might be, but it gives 'em an air. It makes me quite happy to see how delighted they are with the pictures. Don't you think the girls are looking well? O dear, you flatter them, Mr. Flummery. It's strange you seem to admire Felicia most. She *is* a good girl, amiable and sensible—but she hasn't the genius of Cerintha. Cerintha's real sentimental, if I am her mother that says it.

She writes the sweetest compositions, and sees an exiled prince in every Italian organ-grinder. Am not I afraid she'll run away with some ragged hero, some day? O no! not she! she's prudent as well as practical. She'll never marry less'n half a million. If anybody makes a love match, it 'll be Felicia, quiet as she looks. By-the-by, who's that she's so much interested in, now? that dark-eyed, handsome young man that's talking to her about that little drawing on the table. A very promising young artist? Rich? I thought not by the looks of his coat. It's decidedly rusty, and six months out of date. Will be a lion some day? I shall allow Felicia to cultivate him, then; but I must warn her against any tender interest. He's handsome enough to turn a young lady's head, that isn't hardly through with school yet. How admiringly he looks at her; and she's actually blushing. I thought Madame Finishche taught her young ladies not to blush, it's so childish! I must correct Felicia for that fault, to-morrow. Don't? and why not, Mr. Flummery? But if you say so, it's all right; you've the credit of knowing everything. Do you

know, Cerintha writes poetry; and as you are a poet, you ought to be kindred spirits. I wish you'd celebrate my soiree in some verses, won't you, now, that's a dear, good man? Fitz! Fitz, darling! come here! I'm trying to persuade our friend Mr. Flummery, to immortalize this evening in some of the poetry which he prints in the magazines. They say you're *so* sarcastic, Mr. Flummery, and say such sharp things, even in your poetry, but I know you won't make fun of *us*. It would be *so* nice.

Do you think they are enjoying themselves, Fitz? They *seem* in excellent spirits; and I'm sure I've taken trouble enough to please 'em. Why didn't I consult you before I purchased so many pictures? Well I was down to Macy's, and coming back, I saw a shop full of 'em, and the idea struck me that it would impress my new guests favorably to find lots of pictures, and I stepped in and bought what you see. You've told me that *size* wasn't the main point in buying paintings. I guess I know that! But everybody knows "Cole's Voyage of Life" is a fine thing, and all the rest are choice copies of the old masters, whoever they are.

Everything seems to me to be going off splendidly; even Rasher's behaving himself remarkably. He hasn't said a vulgar thing this evening, in my hearing. There he goes, off to the smoking-room, with half-a-dozen gentlemen, to show 'em his pigs. He paid a hundred dollars for a little thing no bigger than my two hands.

(Soto voce.) I wish Felicia would leave that fellow for awhile. He's quite too agreeable; and she's looking so pretty, now, with her eyes full of smiles and her cheeks glowing, he'll fall in love with her. Artists are all very well to patronize, but when it comes to son-in-laws, it's another thing. Bless me, Mr. Flummery, I did not know you were so near! Law? "That gentleman talking to my daughter owns millions of acres of the loveliest and richest lands of the earth, owns diamonds and pearls, and the uncounted gold of a thousand sunsets." Pshaw! does he *really*, or are you speaking in a metaphysical sense? You know they don't take the gold of the sunset at Macy's or Tiffany's—and I prefer that kind that has the stamp of the mint on it, that's always current. "Like old mother Bumsby's wine!" Rasher, remem-

ber ; make no puns but good ones to-night. What's that, Mr. Flummery ? a bad pun is often better than a good one, if it's only bad enough ? Well, that's queer ! don't forget you've got to write me some verses, Mr. Flummery. I'll have a little game supper and invite Fitz, and some others, when it's ready to be ready. Do you promise ?

I hope you're enjoying yourself, Mr. Easelby. But you always do admire my pictures. I feel proud to be surrounded by so distinguished a gathering, and you are one of the brightest stars in my axletree of guests. How do you like this one ? The vendor assured me that it was an old Italian copy of the original Raffle. I didn't know they had raffles in old times to sell off paintings. That's what we ladies do now, when we get a lot of pincushions and fancy articles left over from our fairs. It's a very good plan. I've no doubt the old masters got rid of a good many in that way, for I often hear it mentioned. I was very much charmed with your reception, the other evening, Mr. Easelby. You artists are really getting to have very good society about you. I saw a good many of our

wealthiest people present. We didn't use to think much of your class; but we're getting over our prejudices. There's Mr. Moneybags, talking to that young fellow with the seedy look, as if they were equals. We appreciate talent, Mr. Easelby; it is one of our privileges. Dear me! where's the man gone? I do believe he's going off before supper, and I haven't said anything in the world to offend him. I've treated the whole set as well as if they could return the compliment; the costliest music, game for supper, our best wines, and all them pictures on purpose to consult their tastes; and of course, they'll never treat *us* to music and supper. But I'll have it to talk about. I've got the start of Mrs. Cornell for once, and I can see she is dying of envy. I've got the author of "Poems of the Century;" and that man that's celebrated for writing something, I don't know what, but he goes to Liverpools constantly; and Professor Donderland, who's been kind enough to ruin the piano with playing, and everybody that anybody wants to have, and I call it a perfect success.

There's Felicia and that young artist get-

ting together again, after I've warned her not to pay too much attention to our guests.

I asked Flummery what made the crowd so cheerful, and he says it's the new pictures; so they're successes, of course. He says it would be a good idea for us to have a gallery to display them to better advantage—wants to know if there isn't room in the garret to construct one.

Rasher! Larkins says supper is ready; go and get Mrs. Moneybags, and I'll take Mr. Lake Brown's arm. "La! La! La!" what are you all laughing at? Mr. Rasher? he's *so* funny! What has he said now? "He wants to know why we are all like a parcel of pigs:" "because we all want to be first at the trough!" (*Sotto voce.*) Horror! I shall sink through the floor! that wretched man is enough to distract a woman. It's dreadful! his vulgarity always shows itself at the most conspicuous moment. If I didn't have hold of Mr. Brown's arm I should sink right through, and likely as not light in the bowl of chicken salad.

What did you say Mr. Flummery? "Why is Mr. Rasher like a tame bear?" I'm sure

I don't know unless it's because he's so horrid rough. "Because he has given us a great *faux pas*." He! He! you're so witty, Mr. Flummery, I don't exactly know what you mean, but I'm sure it's funny, if you said it.

Allow me to help you to some of the celery, Mr. Brown; I'm sure you must be fond of it, I saw such beautiful greens in that picture of yours at Dodworth's. (*Sotto voce*—There's Rasher at his puns again. He'll make me miserable all through supper. "Don't be *sherry* of the wine; there's plenty of it.") I should think a person who could draw cows as natural as you would always be drawing them. ("Declaret's No. 1.") I'm *so* fond of cows in landscapes! I think every landscape ought to have cows in it. ("Why is this bottle like my amiable wife? Give it up? Because it's my-deary!") Especially those dreary deserts that Mr. Gamboge is so fond of painting; a cow or two would give life to them. "Why is there no such thing as a headache in the morning after taking a little too much the night before? Give it up? Because it's all sham-pain." "But that's as old as the

hills." "All the better for being old.") I've thought a good deal, Mr. Brown, of sending my Cerintha to take lessons of some artist; I'm certain she has a talent for it; dear girl! she has a talent for most everything. You ought to see her specimens that she's brought home from school; and she's embroidered a whole scene in worsted work—Rachel and Joseph at the Well. It's sweet, especially the well, which is done to perfection—the curb, and the bucket and pole, just as they had them in old times. "Why are gardeners stingy to their help? Because they order their salary cut down." Salary, good gracious!) Don't you think it would be advisable to have my daughter take lessons of some of our first artists? I should like to have an artist in the family; it would be something to be proud—(Good gracious! There it comes at last; "Why am I like the basement of my own warehouse? Because we're both pork-sellers." If I don't pay Rasher for that after the company's gone, then I don't know what revenge is—the brute!) O yes! the masquerade ball was the most delightful part of the opera. I went on the stage myself—charm-

ing! (Larkins, tell the band to strike up a perfect crash. I'm bound to choke Rasher off, if I have to drownd the whole company in the noise.)

O no, Mynheer Donderland, my daughters wouldn't think of playing and singing after you; that would be asking too much of them. But dear me, Mr. Rhymer, I've got a secret to tell you. Cerintha admires you immensely since she's found out you're the author of "Poems of the Century." But that isn't the secret, which is, that Cerintha is something of a poet, too,—that is, I hope she is, though I'm not a competent judge of verses. I found some lines lying in a copy of your poems this morning. I knew her handwriting, and I secured them, without her knowledge. Would you like to look at them? She's in the conservatory now, and won't shriek out and snatch 'em away, as she'd be sure to do if she were here. They seem to me to be very nice. Here, Mr. Flummery, you read 'em, low, so she won't find out what's going on. You and Mr. Rhymer are judges. [*Flummery reads and comments:*—]

"I would that I were dead!
'Tis hard to bear with life when hope is o'er,
And I can know it's vernal bloom no more!
Within my breast it nevermore shall spring,
Nor o'er my soul it's golden radiance fling!
I would that I were dead!

"Youth, beauty, fortune, new dresses, flirtations, plenty to eat and drink—how's this, Rasher? Been treating Miss Cerintha with any superhuman cruelty? Just hear how she runs on—

'My sorrow has no name, and if it had,
I would not speak it (good); 'tis too wildly sad
For human utterance. Icy griefs are felt
Which never into softer words can melt—

("Excellent for purposes of ice cream in warm weather.)

I would that I were dead!

'Life has no pleasure for my lonely heart!
Within my eyes the burning tear-drops start!
My soul is dark (borrowed); nor music flowers, nor mirth
Can ever light again this midnight earth!
I would that I were—wed!

"That's it exactly. I would that I were wed. That sounds more reasonable in a good-looking young lady. But as to the 'midnight earth!' just look at Miss Cerintha now. Looks like a hopeless case, doesn't she, laughing with Mr. Dorsay, and brilliant with flirtation, fairly beaming with it? Didn't

read it right, Mrs. Rasher? 'Tisn't 'I would that I were wed?' Well, let's read the last verse—

'Tis sad in youth to feel *the heart* grow old!
In summer's heat to feel the winter's cold;
This is my fate! So be it! I will bear
With my wild sorrow! I will wed Despair!

("Oh, don't! She meant Dorsay. A slight mistake, but all right now.)

I would that I were wed!'

"It's my solemn conviction, Mrs. Rasher, that this poetry was indited after Miss Cerintha had eaten too hearty a dinner, when she hadn't a care or a trouble, or a want in the world, and was as happy as a young lady can be with a slightly overloaded stomach. People who are miserable never express themselves so sublimely; then, again, miserable people are often very funny. I suppose, if I should tread on one of your corns, Rasher, you'd say something very amusing about it, wouldn't you? You warn me not to try it? Well, Mrs. Rasher, this is very good poetry, very good, indeed! I used to write in the same line when I was about her age; but if I should serve up your soiree now on a gold-

en salver of rhyme, I'd do it in a lighter style."

Come here, my darling. Mr. Flummery has been reading your verses to the com-

There, I knew you'd shriek!

pany. There, I knew you'd shriek! Be calm, my love; it was I who gave them to him. He thinks them sweet, but a little too pensive. Yes, I know, sweetest, you're naturally melancholy, while Felicia's just like

her pa—fat and merry. What's that, husband? She eats full as much pudding and pie as Felicia? Pshaw! she had always a delicate appetite. When she was a child only —my goodness! if Rasher himself ain't making poetry!

(My wife has lately grown ambitious,
I tell you she's a smasher!
She resolved to give a learned soiree,
Than which nothing could be rasher!)

Making a fool of himself, as usual. I wish I could get near him!

(She went and bought a bran-new house,
And furnished it so quaint, sirs!
She got the curtains and carpets first,
And *then* called in the painters!)

He'll make 'em all as mad as fire! No! they're giggling and poking each other slyly iu the ribs; some are crying, "Go it, Rasher!"

(She bought a lot of worthless daubs,
Got bitten by the biters,
And after after everything was wrong,
She then called in the writers.)

If I could only get near enough to twitch his coat-tail! I do believe he's taken too much wine. Everybody in the house has stopped to listen to him, of course.

(She's cut a fashionable splurge—
Also each poor relation—
She thinks she's brimming o'er with sense,
But *I* know it's sense-ation !)

Don't, Fitz, hold on to my dress so ! I'm going to him.

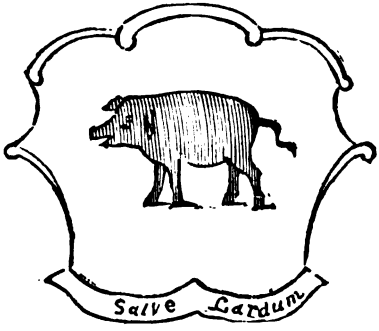
(To-morrow you will joke and laugh,
As you paint, and write, and quarry,
At Mrs. Rasher's latest splurge,
Her grand literary, musical, artistical,
And Hail-Columbia soiree.)

Well, if that don't beat the Dutch ! I don't wonder you all laugh, gentlemen, but I do believe my husband's drunk.

There ! they're gone at last, and I'm glad of it ! Rasher ! I'll never forgive you for the fool you made of yourself. Dear me ! it's tiresome work, anyhow, trying to be literary, I felt as uneasy as a fish out of water. The only comfort I've had to-night was when I was resting on the sofa beside Mrs. Moneybags, talking over our new dresses—there !

CHAPTER VIII.

A WAY TO GET MONEY.



SCOLDING? I am *not* scolding! I *never* scold, Mr. Rasher! If I express my mind about anything, you begin to talk about "curtain lectures," and all that kind of vulgar stuff. Men have fairly worn out their own tongues talking about women's tongues, yet I've got to live to see the day when a man admired a quiet woman. You always see them running after the silliest chatterboxes—the faster they can talk, and the more foolish things they can say, the better they like 'em—*always provided it ain't their own wife!*

It's only last night, at Mrs. Yellow Dock's, you was perfectly infatuated with that Mrs. Giggle, that we women despise. I had to laugh in my sleeves, to see how you stuck by her side the whole evening. Jealous? not a bit of it. Me and Grimace were watching you, and enjoying ourselves very much. Grimace told me it was surprising to see a man with such a wife as you had, interested in that silly little widow. You were charmed with her good nature? I presume so. You'd rather have somebody with an eternal smile on their face, than to hear the wittiest things said in a cutting way. The fact is, Rasher, you're not a judge of the female sex; they can pull the wool over your eyes without the least difficulty. You presume I am as well aware of that weakness as any one? Oh, now don't be getting sharp, it ain't becoming to you! Give me the money I ask for, that's all I want of you. Of course it's all I ever want of you. Men were made to earn money, and women to spend it. If it wasn't for your money-making faculty I don't know what you'd be, my dear. You're neither a politician, nor an office-seeker, nor even a deacon

in your own church, and you can't even drink a toast like some men; you ain't handsome, and never can have any manners; but people respect your money, and put up with all your deficiencies. I was telling Mrs. Allen Allair how much I admired her husband, and she said she'd "swap" any day, Mr. Rasher dressed me so beautifully. All of our set, that have to teaze and teaze when they get new things, are envious of me. They know I never ask twice when you've got it, and that you're usually reasonable about pin-money. I suppose it's because you know I'll have it, by hook or crook, and you might as well give up at first as last. My gracious! I don't know what I should do if I was obliged to submit to what some of my friends have to put up with. Begging for what they need, as humble as the crossing sweepers, with their—"Please give me a penny, sir!"

I want a couple of hundred dollars. I've been wanting it a week, and it's extremely inconvenient for me to wait any longer. "Snubbing you ain't just the way to put you in the humor for giving it to me." *Snubbing you!* What on earth were you made so lit-

tle for, if it wasn't to be snubbed? I've always snubbed you, and always expect to. But I want two hundred dollars this morning, and if you refuse it to me, you'll be sorry for it. What will I do? Why a hundred thousand things to make you uncomfortable. What was a woman given her wits for, if it wasn't to defend herself? I'll do everything you don't want me to do; and you know what that means, from former experience. It does; it means too much sugar in your tea and not enough in your coffee, nothing that you like for dinner, and a poke in your ribs every time you get to snoring at night; it means the most chilling and killing politeness, Mr. Rasher—treating you, as it were, as we do friends in reduced circumstances. It means being nervous and having the headache when you make little advances towards being sorry; it means forgetfulness of your likes and dislikes, mislaying your paper, not allowing you to smoke in your room; it means very low spirits when we are alone together, and very high spirits as soon as any one comes in. But there's no use telling *you* what it means; you have had chance to speak from experience.

And now, if you want to provoke me, you can; but I shall go and run you in debt just twice that sum, and do lots of troublesome things besides. You'll warn the shops not to trust me? You dare not! you haven't the spunk! and if you had it, you've too much pride. You can't catch an old bird with chaff. You can't frighten me. You'd better go and tell Madame Folly not to trust me! I'm going to get my spring bonnet there. She let me make my selection yesterday, though she don't have her opening for a week yet. I've picked out a perfect love, the very finest real chip with a perfectly new kind of trimming—twenty-two dollars, and I owe her forty now. She'd be very civil to you, I've no doubt, if you were to go there and warn her that you would "pay no debts of my contracting," and she'd be just as anxious to get me on her books for a dozen times that amount. Rasher, my love, you're not a match for the female sex, and you ought to be aware of it. You wish to goodness you never *had* been a *match* for one of 'em? There it comes again! what a heartless creature you are, Rasher! not only to tell the wife of your bosom and the mother

of your children that you wish you never had married her, but to be guilty of conveying that information in a pun, jesting about what should wring tears from your eyes. You had better pun than swear? Well, if you weren't a brute you wouldn't do either, just because your wife wanted some spending money. *Don't* try to put your arm around me, I always did hate it, even when we were courting, and I know you never do it now, except to smooth over some of your outrageous conduct. Getting fatter every day? nonsense! I'm not doing any such thing! You think of having me exhibited at Bunnel's as the Fat Woman, if I cause you to fail through my extravagance? Rasher! you've nothing but vulgar thoughts in your mind, from one day to another; and, in my opinion, it's all caused by your constant contact with pork. Perhaps it's the same thing that makes you so oleaginous? And what's that? something horribly low, I'm sure, or you wouldn't make use of it. Pretty morning dress? I'm aware of that. You're just trying to change the subject, and slip out of this chamber without giving me what I asked for. I'd rather have the cash than any quan-

tity of compliments. You haven't got it? That's always the story.

Very well. If you can't do me one favor, will you do me another? Just please to look in the closet, and reach me down my Zouave jacket from the top peg.

What am I doing? Why, I've locked you in, my love, and you don't come out till you fork over two hundred dollars. Hope I'll be generous enough to send you in some breakfast, and a lamp, with the morning papers to read? Ha! ha! do you, indeed? There's the breakfast-bell now, so you had better make up your mind. We had some splendid fresh eggs sent in from the country yesterday, and I ordered omelette for breakfast. It will spoil directly. Let you out, and you'll see about it—can't give it to me through the door? Slip it under the door, my darling, one or two bills at a time. I'll count 'em, and tell you when I've enough. You'll starve and smother before you'll do it? Very well. I'm going down. I can eat your omelette, and mine, too. I'm dreadfully hungry this morning, aren't you, my love? It won't do a particle of good for you to kick at the door; you've often recom-

mended the solidity of the wood-work, and besides you've got your slippers on, and haven't room to kick to advantage. Good-by, my precious. You'll be quite exhausted and ready to be reasonable by the time I've finished breakfast.

I declare, if he hasn't got over being mad and gone to singing! It'll take two hours yet to bring him to terms. My love, can you give me those bills now?

(She's done full many a daring deed,
But never one much rasher;
If ever I get out again,
Good gracious, won't I thrash her!

I'd like to, but I can't, I know,
For she is much the stronger.
I'll smother in this horrid hole,
If kept here any longer.)

Mr. Rasher, I've finished my breakfast, and would like you to just slip that trifling amount under the door, if convenient.

(You cannot have a dime to-day—
I'll stick to that like teasle;
You'd better let me out, my dear,
Pop goes the weazel!)

I guess you'll get tired of singing on an empty stomach, and you see you'll *be obliged* to give up sooner or later. You can die

game? Yes, you can, but you don't want to; you're as fond of living as anybody.

(I'll live and die in Dixie!
Look away! far away!)

You can't look very far away, sweetest, unless you can look through a wooden door. Kicking again! Ho! ho! getting spunky! You're fatiguing yourself for nothing. You'd better be a good boy, mind your wife, and come out and eat your breakfast. What's that? You've got a penknife? Well, I'm not afraid of your commiting suicide. Cutting my Zouave jacket into flinders, and are going to serve all my clothes the same way? Just as you please. It's rather expensive amusement, but of course I shall get new ones to take their place. You'll give your club an account of the whole proceedings? I don't care for that; they know I'm your better half.

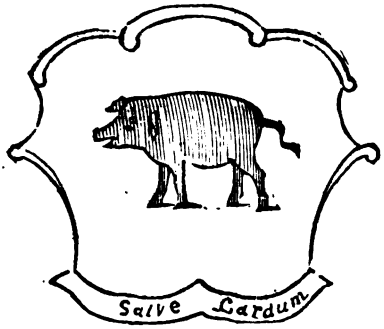
(Marier, mother of my girls!
Pity this dreadful numb ache
That gnaws like mice within a cheese,
Not in my heart, but stomach!

You can have a nice breakfast for two hundred dollars, and not a cent less. You shan't give as-sent to it? Perhaps you'll

make up your mind by the time I return from the parlors. I'm going down to see about having the curtains dusted. What's that? You capitulate, resign, surrender, give up? Very well; give me the money. You'll be obliged to give me a check on the bank where you deposit, but you promise, on your word and honor, to do that? This morning? as soon as I let you out? before you leave this room? upon your sacred word and honor? Well, then, I'll unlock the door. I'm a perfect Bluebeard? I own up to it. Here's pen and ink; make out the amount, two hundred dollars. Thank you, my dear. And now you may have your breakfast; I'll wait on you myself; and the next time your wife wants a reasonable amount of spending money, don't lose so much time in giving it to her. The longer you live, my love, the more you'll find that you can't outwit a woman!

CHAPTER IX.

RASHER "AT HOME."



MRS. RASHER! I'm proud and happy to welcome you. To what propitious circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit? It is three years since you delighted your husband by a visit to his place of business. Does the smell offend you? your nose is turned up a little. Will you sit down, my dear, upon this half barrel of mess? No? Will you sit down on this hog's-head? No? You've been to the bank with the check I gave you? Well, I trust they did not refuse to cash so trifling a sum? *Have your revenge?* What's the matter,

my dear? Isn't the check all right? I do not see any mistake about it. Oh-ho! drawn backwards! I declare, that was careless of me! You should have noticed it this morning, that I might have corrected it. Of course the clerk could not make you change for the two-hundredth part of a cent. Let's look at it—$00 002; a bad mistake, really! On purpose, to mortify and disappoint you? Now, Marier, you couldn't suspect me of that, and besides "there's no outwitting a woman," you know—of course not, Marier! You see it sharpens a fellow's wits to shut him up in a dark closet without any breakfast. I'm *very* sorry for the mistake and the trouble it's put you to. Was your dear friend Fitz Simmons along with you, as usual? She must have been disappointed, not to get her portion of the spoils. Don't look so cross, wife; sit down and make yourself comfortable. Will have to put a little grease on your temper, to make it run smoother. Haven't felt so well in a long time as I do to-day. Business looking up again. Sold a thousand barrels to-day. I've got five thousand dollars to deposit as I go home. I could let you have a little, as well

as not; but if I should give it to you to-day, there wouldn't be any excuse for shutting me up in the closet again, and I rather like to be shut up by a woman! Quite a *sell*, wasn't it?—the thousand barrels, I mean. *Check*-mated you, my love! Ha! Ha! You look warm—won't you have a *draft* of something cooling? I've got some bottled stout under the desk there, though I wouldn't recommend it, as it might make you stouter than you are. Will I or will I not give you money to finish your shopping? I guess I've punished you enough for that little trick you served me this morning. Just step into my private office, and let me get it for you. If you won't set down on a hog's-head, perhaps you will on this chair. What am I doing? Oh, nothing but locking you in, my love. I'll send Pat home with the carriage, and you can make yourself comfortable till five o'clock. Fitz is waiting for you at Taylor's? I only hope she hasn't money enough to pay for the lunch she's probably ordered. You haven't had yours, I suppose; but as you ate both your breakfast and mine, you won't need any. Faint away? I've got a watering-pot I can

sprinkle you with through this little window, and then you'll have on a watered silk. You've heard of the wise advice, "keep your powder dry," and if you should faint, I'd be obliged to dampen yours, and you'd be a dough-face, no matter what party you belonged to. I'm going out now to see a man in the next block, on business. I'll look in on you in about half an hour.

How are you enjoying yourself, Marier? hope you're comfortable. If you'll only say you're hungry, I'll get you a side of bacon out of the back room. I can't cook it for you, as I've no conveniences, except in one way—the style called the "domestic broil." It's the way I had my breakfast cooked. As silence gives consent, I suppose I may get it for you, so here goes. Good land, my love, it's lodged right in your lap! Why didn't you catch it? You've greased your velvet cloak dreadfully. You ain't as spry as you used to be, wife. If you'd been in the dark, as I was this morning, you wouldn't have been to blame for the accident. You've made a pretty mess of it, catching it kersouse in your lap. You're in a nice pickle,

I must confess. Never mind; don't cry about it. Eat and be filled.

"You *will* come out!" Then why don't you come? You might squeeze through the window, but it's only twelve by fourteen inches, and you'd be likely to stick. Don't kick, my love, the door is extra thick, and your shoes are thin! you might hurt the door, and you're too tender-hearted to do that. If you want to be *storing* your mind with useful information, you can be reading that pamphlet on the "Raising of Hogs." We raise ours, mostly, on an elevator, which is the quickest method known.

My love, you *must* be hungry, or you wouldn't be eating up the fingers of your gloves. Rather than have you bite your own ten nails, I'll give you some ten-penny ones to practice on. Bite 'em softly, Marier, for one of my clerks is coming this way. Mr. Baker, Mrs. Rasher has called upon me and has not been to lunch yet. Please step round to our restaurant and order my waiter there to bring in something nice. What will you have, my love? (*Speaks through window.*) Pork dumplings, sausage, ham and eggs, ham sandwich, pork

and beans, roast pig, pig's feet, head-cheese, fried bacon? you can have one or all, according to your taste. The waiter has never heard about carrying coals to Newcastle, I presume. "Nothing at all!" Well, Baker, you can bring *me* a dish of pork dumplings; I've been so busy to-day, I've not thought of lunch before.

Sorry you won't take anything, Marier; this porter is fine. I'm going to drink your health in a minute, as soon as I get this confounded bottle open. It's like the Paddy I hired to-day—the Cork sticks to it. Now then, Mrs. Rasher, here's to your success in putting on the garments which belong to a smaller and less worthy person.

I do believe that woman has not spoken for three-quarters of an hour. I never knew her to keep silent so long when she was awake. It's most time to be shutting up shop. I must peep in, and see what's the matter with her. Whew! if I keep her in much longer, I shall be like the man with the lion—I shan't dare to let her out. She looks like a concentrated earthquake. Shocking! shocking! Marier, it's nearly time to be going. Have you had a pleasant after-

noon? Speak to me, my dear, and quit looking at me. I have to dodge to keep from being hit. Marier, do you remember when we were courting, and I bought you that sweet little music-box that played six tunes? Marier, do you remember when you fell in the river that Fourth of July, and I jumped in and supported you till aid arrived? Crosser and crosser! I can't melt her icy silence by the most ardent appeals.

Well, Mrs. Rasher, it's five o'clock, and now if you'll say that you are sorry for locking me up in the closet this morning, and promise never to do so again, I'll let you out. No answer.

Marier, it's half-past five. The clerks have gone, and the porter is waiting to close the store. Dinner will be ruined before we reach home. Say you're sorry, and will be a good girl, and I'll let you out.

My love, it's dark. If you won't say you're sorry, you'll have to stay here. *I'm* going home. If the store should burn up in the night, you'd be in a bad fix. Good-night, dearest.

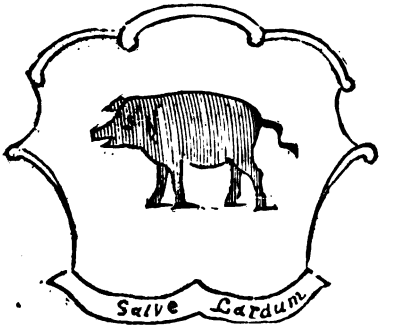
Did you call me, Mrs. Rasher? Let you out? Well, say you're sorry, that you re-

pent, resign, capitulate, give up beat, cave, and will be a good girl. "I *do* say it all, Rasher, if you'll only not keep me in this horrid place all night." Well, my dear, that's all I ask; come out and be happy. Pat is waiting for us, with the carriage, at the door, and if we drive fast we may yet "save our bacon!" Here's two hundred and fifty, I'll save out for you, before I put the rest in the safe. You can go shopping to-morrow to your heart's content.

And now that we're riding together for the first time in the new carriage, can you tell me why I am like Broadway? Because I am constantly being crossed. Excuse me, wife, I couldn't help it. I didn't mean to say anything disagreeable to-night. I wonder if Fitz is safe home. Here we are—in time for dinner—*Salve Lardum*—all right.

CHAPTER X.

SURREPTITIOUS BLISS.



DON'T restrict yourselves, gentlemen; this is bachelors' hall, to-night, and we'll have as much fun as we please. This is the first evening that I've really enjoyed myself since we moved into this confounded new-fangled house. To see my old friends all about me, and to realize that my better half isn't up stairs waiting to give me a curtain-lecture, makes me feel like a pig in clover. Our curtains are rose-colored silk, but they don't make the lectures any the rosier! ha! ha! In fact, I've sometimes, in my reflective moments, wondered if they didn't rather

deepen the hue. It's singular that though the curtains are red, they almost always make me blue. I've sometimes thought it must be owing to the *refractory* character of my amiable spouse. Bless her! let's drink to her health, standing and silent. Of course I shouldn't drink to the health of my-deary in Maderia, and I should be chary of drinking it in sherry in a promiscuous assemblage, but we're all friends, old and tried (excuse the tried, gentlemen; it's a term of the trade); there isn't one present but knew us in the days of our small beginnings, before the first *leaf* was turned in that business the fat profits of which have surrounded us with our present effulgence. You remember the little sign, Jones, for you painted it for me yourself—" T. Rasher, Fishmonger"—that used to shine over the shop in B street; you remember it, but Mrs. Rasher don't. She couldn't call it to mind, if she set a little dog to bring it back to her. The very shad-oh of it has vanished from her mind. It was retail, you know, and we're wholesale now, and retailing fish is rather a scaly business for Fifth Avenue to look back upon.

Don't be surprised at any feats you may

see me perform, not even if I dance on my table. I've been genteel so long I hardly know myself, now that I've got my old cronies around me. It's a terrible thing to be genteel; you can't imagine what I've suffered since Mrs. Rasher took to gentility. I mustn't laugh, I mustn't joke, I mustn't put my feet up, nor tip my chair back, nor wear loose shoes over my corns, nor carry my favorite red silk bandana, nor open my mouth in company, for fear of mistakes. You know it's as natural for me to pun as it is for a champagne cork to pop, and yet I mustn't pun. I can't even snore in the seclusion of my own bedroom, for Mrs. Rasher says it's not genteel. When we were young married people, she used to say she rather liked to hear me snore; it soothed her; was as good as a pianny to put her to sleep. Pianny! alas, she don't compare me to a pianny any longer. I wouldn't like to tell what she does compare me to. Enough to hint that it's to a certain animal to which we are largely indebted for benefits received. There's a large per cent. of gentility in Mrs. R., though I didn't suspect it when I invested my domestic happiness in the bonds

of wedlock. Marriage is a speculation, my friends, full as hazardous as the most; the stock may increase while the interest runs down to nothing, and the only dividend to be made after a number of years may be separate establishments. I shouldn't wonder if it come to that yet. Melancholy but inevitable. John, open another half dozen.

If I *ever* should be obliged to apply for a divorce, the only plea I shall put in will be —barbarous and cruel gentility. She's killing me with it—I'm dying by inches. Don't you see I'm smaller than ever, and look kind of shrunk-up and frightened? You see, I dar'n't say, "Marier," nor come near her, nor seem to be acquainted with her, when she's in company, which is always, because why?—why, because she's my wife —and it' a shocking offence to be intimate with your own wife. You can be as intimate as you like with somebody else's. I tell you, I can't get used to it; it don't come natural. The worst thing I ever did, was to give her a little squeeze, at a party, and ask her if she wouldn't dance with me. You wouldn't wonder I've looked smaller ever since, if you could have seen how she

withered me up then. Now, whenever I wish to speak to her in company, I always get some stranger to introduce us. She lectures me when we get home, but I must play her a little trick once in a while, just to keep off the blues.

By the way, boys, have you noticed our coat-of-arms? Mrs. R. couldn't live a month in the new house without a coat-of arms, and so I picked out one that I thought suitable. Poor dear! she can't read Latin, and she don't know that that odious favorite expression of mine—"save your bacon," winks at her from every spoon, fork, knife, and piece of plate on the table. Won't she be *crest*-fallen when she finds it out! It's curious she's escaped so long. I expect I'll have to take to my heels to save *my* bacon, when she makes the discovery. It was a rash trick to play, but I've played a Rasher —Old? you don't call that old do you? I defy one of you to prove that you ever heard me breathe that pun before; and if it's old, why it's like cheese and wine, all the better for it. If I didn't get that off on an average once a day, in some shape, you might begin to think me sick, like the old

lady who had lost all appetite for her murders. But, as I was saying, you can't make pork out of pig-iron, and you can't make a fashionable man out of your old crony. It's dreadful, I know. Mrs. Rasher is in despair.

She says if I'd been born in France, I'd have talked plain English from a baby, because I can't say "oui!" "oui!" like a week old piglet. But O dear! I don't mean to cast reflections upon my partner; she's a good woman, if she wasn't so ambitious, and she's gone into the country to stay a week, and give us a chance to have a reg'lar old-fashioned supper, with plenty to eat and drink, the whole night to set up in, and not caring a dime whether we knew how to call the chicken-fixin's by their French rigamaroles or not.

I'll tell you what drove her into the country—'twasn't because she had a natural liking for seeing the dandelions come up in the spring—'twasn't even to get fresh eggs and young onions, though they'll reconcile her to the change as much as anything can. She's gone home with old Uncle and Aunt Rasher—you remember 'em, Tom? You see, they

came to make us a visit, and she got in a hurry to see 'em off, and told 'em she'd go home with 'em and finish the visit out there. I enjoyed myself while the old folks were here. Never enjoyed myself better in the same space of time. You see, I invited 'em, —on the sly. Mrs. Rasher wasn't expectin' 'em ; in fact, she was right in the midst of one of her fashionable sworrys. She was setting on the sofa, young Flummery one side of her and that Fitz Simmons on the other, and a dozen of our most super-elegant guests around her. I knew what was coming, and was kind of walking around, waiting. I knew they'd be in on the eight o'clock train, and I sent John down with the carriage to bring 'em up. I had one ear open, and heard 'em in the hall ; but Mrs. Rasher didn't, or thought they were more of her friends, till Patrick threw the door open, and the blaze of gaslight fell refulgently upon the curious pair, for they *are* curious, no mistake, and as good as they are queer. Aunt Rasher nursed me through the measles, when I was fourteen, and I never shall forget the pie and gingerbread she put in my way, when my appetite began to come round all right. If I

should rise in life as high as the shot-tower, I'll never forget the benevolent countenance with which she used to see me devour those prodigal sweets. I asked 'em here because I wanted to see 'em, and treat 'em to the best, as well as to plague Marier, but I'd no idea she'd get the best of me in doing it. That woman is too much for me *generally!* But I'll die game! She's afraid of my tricks, if she does deny it. My advice to you, my friends, is—When you're dealing with your wives to be like owls—appear wiser than you are; if a woman once gets it into her head that she's the smartest, she'll tyrannize over you like a cat over a captive mouse. Mrs. Rasher is big and I am little; and I'm naturally mild and forgiving, which is very much against me; and I don't mind owning that I *have* given up to her more than I ought, for instance—cutting some of my best friends, which I don't intend doing any longer. But where did I leave my good old uncle and aunt?—standing in the door, winking under the sudden glare, and evidently unprepared for company. When Marier saw who they were, she started towards them to hurry them up stairs, but Aunt Rasher

met her half way, and got hold of her hand, which she shook like an ague fit, crying out in that shary, high voice of hers—"How de do, niece? how de do? I'd no idea you'd make company for us the first night, or we'd a come more fixed up, though 'twas dreffful dusty riding. I'm sorry we disappointed your company, for it's nigh about bed-time, and I s'pose they're almost ready to go home agin." While old uncle he just kept peering around through his spectacles and saying—"Hoity, toity! hoity, toity! mighty fine! mighty fine!" When I hurried forward to make them welcome, I cast a kind of squint towards Mrs. R., and I saw she understood that I was at the bottom of this visit. She was white she was so mad, but I kissed old auntie and told her she was like an old maid, she was growing younger every day, and she laughed and said I was the same boy I used to be, when I lived in their house and did chores for my board. La! la! O ho! you should have seen Mrs. Rasher then! Mrs. Fitz Simmons tittered slightly in her usual disagreeable way. Marier pounced on the old lady like a hawk on a chicken, and flew out of the parlor with her, while uncle fol-

lowed, shaking his head as if finding fault with things. The old couple were turned over to the tender mercies of the butler and chambermaid, and in ten minutes my wife was back again, smiling as sweet as syrup, and talking to Easelby about Church's Icebergs as cool as ice cream. I went down to the dining-room and talked with 'em while they eat their supper, which didn't take long, as auntie said she was too tired to eat, and she guessed, if Marier would excuse her, she'd go up to bed, if the company wouldn't think hard; and uncle said he'd go too. I went back to the parlors, after they'd said good-night, to see how matters were progressing in that quarter. Mrs. Rasher wouldn't look toward me, but kept making herself agreeable to the young men. The room was quite still, when all of a sudden the door was opened a little crack, and auntie's voice came through it like wind through a keyhole—she tried to whisper, and was heard all the plainer—"Marier, Marier, can't you lend me a good thick nightcap? I forgot to put any up, and I shall have the neuralogy terrible, if I sleep without."

I felt kind of sorry for Mrs. Rasher, she looked so red in the face; so I got one of the ladies to rattling at the pianny before she came back, but when I heard her telling somebody that—"I wouldn't have asked 'em, if I didn't expect to get forty or fifty thousand dollars when they died," I was mad, and answered out before 'em all, that Uncle Rasher hadn't more'n seven thousand to his name, and that was going to his son —that I asked 'em to my house because I liked 'em, and respected 'em too. She didn't dare to answer, for fear I'd tell the story about the gingerbread and measles, which she has a mortal terror of; and I kept tormenting her by distant allusions to it until she was glad enough to bid her fashionable friends good-night. O Lud! but didn't she want to blow me up, when we got shut up in our own room?—Have some of the salad, Smith?—The way she flounced things around was a caution to a small man, but I slid into bed gently, and went to snoring softly, while she was twitching at the string of her gaiter, which she had pulled into a knot in the height of her ill-temper.

"You needn't snore, husband, for you

ain't asleep any more'n a weasel," says she, breaking the string; "how long are they going to stay!"

"I asked 'em to stay a month," says I, half opening one eye, to see the effect.

Crack went the string, and whiz came the gaiter straight in my face. She did not speak again that night, and when a woman is silent, beware of her! she's as dangerous as a biler that's just ready to burst. I felt a little uneasy next morning, for fear she'd do something to hurt her visitors' feelings, but I was surprised to find her as amiable as a lamb. She was as sociable as old auntie herself, talked to Uncle Rasher about his farm and stock, and ordered out the carriage, to take them a-riding after breakfast, to show them the city. When I come home from my warehouse I found the old folks in the best of humor; they'd had a nice day, and seen a great deal. But no callers happened in, much to my chagrin. Well, the long and short of it, boys, is—that she got the start of me. She took 'em out every day, somewhere; once to Bunnel's Museum, once to see some wonderful panorama, and to all kinds of places that tickled

'em amazingly; but I saw that they never went anywhere where there was danger of meeting any of her acquaintances, and not a soul called for a whole week, that is, they called, but they were not admitted; the footman had orders not to be at home to anybody; and at the end of a week they had visited so hard they were ready to go home and take Marier with 'em; so she went, and I've taken advantage of circumstances to have a bachelor's party. We'll have a good time to-night, if we never do again. Fill up, boys, and drink to the toast, "We won't go home till morning." No we won't—"*Yes you will*"—Who spoke then, boys? I declare it sounded precisely like Mrs. Rasher's voice! but she's in the country, you know. Did any of the rest of you hear it? You *did?* then I wasn't mistaken. John, open the door softly and see if any of the servants are playing tricks! No! then it must have been spirits—ardent spirits, of course; though we've taken nothing stronger than champagne.

John, bring in that basket of bottled cider Mrs. Rasher sent by express to-day. It must be good, for uncle bottled it himself.

Bless her heart, she couldn't have felt so very spiteful, or she wouldn't have thought of my partiality for Jersey cider. Now, then, cork, you needn't stand guard any longer. It sparkles like Catawba—try it! —"*Beware of poison!*" Great goodness! it can't be that the pardner of my own bosom has attempted—has carried her resentment so far—Gentlemen! don't touch it. I don't want to kill my friends, whatever my own fate may be. My wife's voice again. If I catch the scoundrel that's playing off this silly trick, be it he or she, I'll box their ears and discharge 'em without their wages. John, look in the dumb-waiter, and all about. It's somebody playing a joke, gentlemen, I'm convinced; but to be on the safe side, we'd better not touch the cider.

"Consomme of chicken;" very good, John, we'll soon consume your consomme, that is, if we like it. Say, Jones, why ought a good dinner to satisfy the partaker?—well, there's a good many reasons, but the finishing one is—that he's sure to get his deserts at the last. Poor? You'd make poor conundrums yourself, Smith, if you were as afraid of ghosts as I am, and had one at your supper

as unexpectedly. I expect every moment to hear a rapping under the table as well as on it. I'm as uneasy as Macbeth, though *my* conscience is clear enough. I assure you I haven't murdered Mrs. Rasher to get her out of the way. "*Yes you have!*" My conscience!

Gentlemen, I beg of you not to be influenced by invisible evidence; go on with your suppers, and let the mischief talk, if it wants to; you've known me too long to suppose that I would—"*strangle your own innocent Marier!*" Monstrous! It is *her* voice, and in this very room; yet I pledge you my word of honor, boys, she's out in the country, alive and well, at Uncle Rasher's, and if any of you are affected by this unaccountable accusation, I trust you will go out with me in the morning, and pay your compliments to her. John, what's the matter with you? you're shaking like a poplar! I do believe you are afraid. Spirits can't hurt you, unless you like too much of 'em. I ain't afraid to tell this one boldly that it's an outrageous liar, and ask it to prove what it says. Give us a song, Tom. Oh, anything, I don't care what; you know my favorites,

but I'm a little confused just now; I guess it's the wine.

Don't be thinking of going. If you leave so early, I shall think you've been impressed by this little joke that somebody's been playing on me. Really I shall be offended. It's only half-past twelve, and my advice to you all is to—"*arrest Timothy Rasher for the murder of his wife!*"

That fool, John, has fainted dead away. *He* ain't in the plot, whoever is. These servants are so superstitious. Here, Patrick, drag out this fool, and throw cold water on him.

A pretty good trick, isn't it, gentlemen? Ha! ha! ha! Very well carried out; very well, indeed; but if anybody thinks *I'm* frightened, they're counting their chickens before they're hatched. My own wife! Quite a joke, ha! ha! ha! Why, everybody knows how attached we are to each other. We have our little spats, to be sure, like all married people, and I'm rather fond of a practical joke, as you all know; but strangling my dear Marier is a serious kind of a joke—a choke instead of a joke; that I'd hardly be guilty of. If I've said anything this

evening among my old cronies that wasn't just right, I didn't mean it as anything but fun. Come, boys, let's make a night of it. Here's to the ghost; may it learn to tell the truth, or forever hold it's peace. What! going? I didn't think seven men would get scared at a harmless trick. Ain't scared? I can see you're not; not at all; but some of you are a little shaky. I suppose you'll look in the morning papers to see if your friend Tim is in the Tombs yet. Ha! ha! Good-night.

They've gone two hours before they meant to, and though they tried to laugh it off, I could see they were every one of 'em suspicious of me. Hang it! if that's all friendship's worth, I might as well drop my old friends. I shouldn't wonder if they'd be willing to help *drop* me. It's confounded queer about that thing; I feel uneasy myself. I won't go back to the dining-room to-night, but I'll have every spot examined in the morning. I hope the ghost will keep itself out of my chamber. I'll leave the gas burning all night.

Gracious! there's something sitting up in the bed! It's her ghost! Oh, Marier, Marier! if you're really strangled and dead, it

wasn't me that did it, whatever you may have reason to think. I didn't do it! I didn't do it!

[*Mrs. Rasher.*] Get up off your knees,

Get up off your knees, you goose, and come to bed.

you goose, and come to bed. I'm tired and sleepy. If I hadn't have scattered that interesting party of yours, I'd have been broken of my rest all night. "Won't go home till morning!" Ha! ha! But they *did* go, my

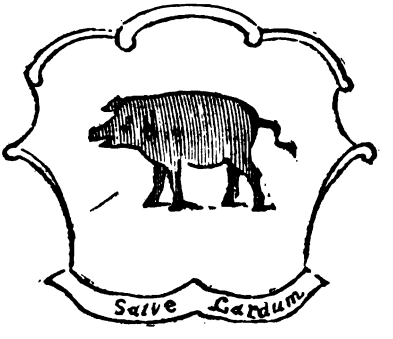
sweetest, some time before. The next time you entertain a set of your stupid old cronies be sure that your wife ain't hid in the lower part of the dresser listening to your stories at her expense. I'm cramped dreadfully, stuffed away in that hole so long, but I've had fun enough to pay me for my pains. So you really thought I'd stay a week out at that horrid old farm, did you? Not quite. I got in on the evening train, and it happened to be Betty who let me in, and I found out about the expected supper, so I told her not to let a soul know I had got back, but to bring some tea to my room, and I took an opportunity, and slipped into the dining-room, and hid in the dresser. I heard all of your affectionate remarks about your own Marier, my love. I'm glad to hear that we really are attached to each other, spite of our little spats.

You may ask your cronies to supper as often as you've a mind after this. You'll have a new story to tell—a *ghost* story, my dear, that will be very interesting. Hark! there's some one ringing the bell. I'll bet you a hat against a new bonnet that some of your friends have been after a police of-

ficer. Just raise that window and see. Who's there? It's Smith—I can see by the street lamp—with an officer. I always did hate that little coward. I'll speak to 'em myself, Rasher. What do you want? If you're after my husband, you can't have him, as I'm just home from the country, and don't want to be disturbed. I guess that will settle their hash. And now, my dearest, just own up that that little account at the warehouse is settled. What's that? I'm a smart woman? I know that. But is it settled? are our accounts squared? Yes? Very well. You can go to sleep now as sound as you please, my love.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MATCH.



MR. RASHER, you're not asleep, are you? I have got news that 'll keep you awake for some time. You wish I'd keep it till morning, then? but I don't want to. I can't sleep myself, for thinking of it, and I want company. Besides it's not suitable news to communicate by daylight, and, of all things, at the breakfast-table. If ever there's a time when an old married couple should enjoy the security of a good talk in their own chamber, inside of their own curtains, it's on the important occasion of their eldest daughter's receiving an offer of marriage. Yes,

sir, she has! an actual offer! What of it? A great deal of it. You expect she'll have lots of 'em before she's been home a year? Well, I don't; for I expect she'll be married and set up for herself long before that time comes around. No, she isn't too young; she's full eighteen, and I was only a year older when you and I was married, and *we* had to wait longer than we wanted because you wasn't able to keep a wife. There won't be any such necessity in *this* case. If I could have had my pick out of all the young men who come to our house, I believe I should have taken him! I was afraid he didn't mean anything particular by his attentions, and I instructed Cerintha how to play her cards to find out. Why don't you guess who it is? Fisher? No! I rather think not. Why, he's just beginning in his profession, and hasn't five thousand dollars in the world. It's Flummery, of course. I always knew he admired Cerintha, but he's such a favorite with the girls, and has so many chances, I was afraid he'd be a butterfly sort of a beau. But he made an out-an'-out offer this morning, just before luncheon, and the dear girl re-

ferred him to me, and I told him if *you* had no objections I would make none—just for form's sake, you know, my love, for if you had any you'd be obliged to give 'em up, since me and Cerintha are both set on the match. You *have* objections? You have, indeed! *Objections!* to altogether the most fashionable young gentleman of our acquaintance—the leader of our set. Why Mr. Rasher, I consider Flummery *perfectly exquisite*! My heart's ambition will be gratified if I can see my darling eldest child united to such a superior being. Why he sets the fashion! I've often noticed if *he* got a hat, or a cravat, or anything, all the other fellows went and got 'em just like it. He has the ontray, as he calls it, of houses where I never hoped to set a foot; and if I become his mother-in law, of course I shall go to the same places. You're insane to think of having objections; and the quicker you give 'em up, the better it 'll be for you. All I feel about it that it's too good to be true. He's said so many queer things to me, I 'knew he was quizzing me often and often, though I never saw fit to resent it, and now I'm glad I had the good sense not

to; but his saying such things made me think he wasn't in earnest in his attentions, and that he wouldn't marry the daughter of the woman he made fun of. But Cerintha's a lady, whether I be or not; she's been to boardin'-school, and plays, and dances, and dresses as well as the best, and is capable of correcting her mother's mistakes, and never refers to her father's business, and as delicate as a lily; she don't take after my fat at all; and I know she'll make a sweet-looking bride. O dear, how delightful! how perfectly delicious it will be to go shopping and buy the things! We were talking about it this afternoon. The sweet child has already decided on the pattern of the lace for the veil and trimmings. Her whole heart is in it! It would break, I've no doubt, if she was to be disappointed now, after planning out the dress, and wreath, and everything.

It isn't every mother that gets her daughter off her hands, these hard times, in the beginning of her first season out—and such a brilliant match. Mrs. Yellow Dock will gnaw her finger-nails off when she hears of it. There's that great awkward Mary Eliza-

beth of hers been out three seasons, and is still in the market. What do I mean by still in the market? Don't you know? You don't like to hear such terms applied to young women? Pshaw! you look well to be in the mercantile business and be fastidious about a common expression that everybody uses. They *are* in the market, and why not say so. "Sold to the highest bidder!" Yes, if you've a mind to call it so. Of course we all wish to do the best for our girls. We don't lavish money like water on their music, and dressing, and manners, to throw 'em away on poor men that can't keep up the style they're accustomed to. What's that? You'd rather see Cerintha married to young Fisher, just beginning in life, than to Flummery with his seven thousand a year income? Well, did I ever! Fisher's a nice, quiet young man, and I've heard said he had talents, but talents ain't anything in fashionable life, only for us to patronize who have money, Mr. Rasher. For my part I think talents is a great bore. Flummery is smart—real smart in a genteel way. He can say such pert things, and he's quite witty, though not in the punning line, like

you, husband. And he's so critical. It always seemed to me as if his eyeglass spied out every deficiency; and he's quite contemptuous abouts talents in society. I think he can play a compliment the most gracefully of any one I ever met. "Better'n he can pay his bills!" Do you mean to insinuate that he does not pay his debts? Why, he's rich, and of course he pays up for everything he has. "Fisher 'll be worth two of him in less than ten years!" You're a perfect bow-wow, Rasher, always barking at the moon. You've got a spite against Flummery, or you don't want Cerintha to marry, or something, and you're just worrying me with saying things without any foundation. You can growl as much as you please, I intend to have my own way about marrying my own girls. What fault can you find with Flummery that's worth speaking of? "*His health is poor, his habits are bad, and he wants to marry for money, not love!*" I like him all the better for being delicate; it's a proof of good blood; he's just sickly enough to be pale and interesting. As to his bad habits, they're no worse than all young men's of his set. He wouldn't

be what he is if he didn't keep fast horses, and drink good wine, and enjoy himself on his money. I don't think it 'ill hurt his wife if he does come home a little late once in a while, or if he drives around the Park with a two-forty nag as long as she can amuse herself in her own way, and have a separate carriage of her own. For *my* part, I sometimes wish *my* husband wouldn't come home quite so regular and go to bed quite so early, and grunt about continual company and late hours, instead of letting me enjoy myself. We don't expect our first-class young men to be saints; and I don't think Cerintha cares in particular what he *has* done if he only does right after he's married, which he probably will. She says she admires a man for being a little wild; she can't respect a young fellow like Fisher, without a bit of spirit, that would never be willing to go, nor to see her go. As for your base suspicion that he's after Cerintha's money, I don't think he is in particular. Of course he wouldn't marry a girl that had none, and deprive himself of luxuries for the sake of keeping a wife; I shouldn't expect him to; but he likes Cer-

intha for her pretty face and manners as well as her money. I bet you he wouldn't take Mary Elizabeth Yellow Dock, and she's considerably richer. He's got too much taste. Mrs. Yellow Dock told me that he spent his whole income every year, and more, and that he had debts, and that he wanted to marry rich to bolster himself up, and keep up his expensive habits, and insinuated that he's offered himself to *her* daughter, but I saw the envy sticking out of every word she said, and could hardly keep from telling her I guessed it was sour-grapes that made her tongue so sharp when she spoke of him.

They want to get married in time to go to Newport or somewhere for the summer; so the engagement will not be more than six weeks long. You used to be in favor of short engagements when you were young, my dear. We shall be hurried some, of course, to get ready so soon; but it will be perfectly delightful to be hurried about going a-shopping and getting things, and giving orders to the engraver about the cards, and everybody; and having a bouquet coming in every morning from Mr.

Flummery, and he himself calling in to lunch every day, and dropping in to spend the evening. I know he'll want us to show him the dresses and all the little particulars; he's such taste, and knows better how to dress a woman than half of our most fashionable *modistes*. O my! I hope we shall suit him; I mean to consult him, so's to be sure. It 'll be such a help to me to have a son-in-law who is competent to take every responsibility, and knows just how everything is done in the very best families.

You see, I want the affair to come off before our acquaintances are gone out of the city, for it wouldn't be worth while getting married if we couldn't have plenty of spectators; a grand wedding, with a breakfast, and so forth, and then off to some watering-place is my ideal; you and I will follow 'em after we've straightened our matters and shut up the house—say in a week or ten days; and I shall have the delight of being the mother of the handsomest bride and the mother-in-law of the most elegant man at Newport or wherever we go. *Our position is fixed*, Mr. Rasher. With Flummery for

a son-in-law, we can safely assure ourselves that we belong to the cream. What's that? You guess if we were churned, we'd turn into lard instead of butter, after all! Good gracious, Rasher, how vulgar you be! Vulgarer and vulgarer every day!

What's that? "*I never shall, under any circumstances, give my consent to my daughter Cerintha's marrying Felix Flummery!*" She *shall* marry him, sir! "She *sha'n't!*" Yes, she shall! I know you're as obstinate as a mule when you've once made up your mind not to stir—little men always are; but *I*'ve made up my mind, too. I've put my foot down; mountains can't move me. I'm not going to be thwarted by you, sir, in the dearest hope of my heart. I only fear that Mr. Flummery, knowing as he does that it is *us* who are honored by the match, may resent your conduct and give the mitten to poor, dear Cerintha. Refuse Felix Flummery! Why, the very initials of his name are aristocratic; they stand for First Family. You always *would* bite your own nose off; but you sha'n't do it now.

You needn't sit up in bed and groan; you've spoiled *my* night's rest by your con-

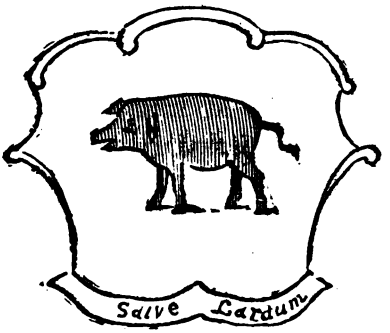
trariness; but if I can't sleep, I can be awake and think about the wedding dresses. I hope by morning you'll have come to your senses. All I ask of you to-night is not to snore; snoring will interfere with my calculations, and I want to lay out my work in good order before I begin it.

(*Sotto voce.*) If he hasn't took his pillow and gone and laid on the lounge! It's the first time in all our married experience of twenty years that he's done *that*, unless I was sick. I didn't think he was so set against Flummery, though I knew he didn't like him. One thing is certain—if he prefers that lounge to his bed, he may make himself uncomfortable as long as he likes, but there'll be a wedding before long, for all of that.

(*Aloud.*) Rasher, my sweet, there's an extra pair of blankets in the wardrobe. Do get them, my love, or you'll be troubled with catarrh in the morning.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW IT WENT OFF.



CERINTHA, my darling, it's almost the hour. Don't tremble, sweetest; I'm glad to see you so composed. Have you your handkerchief and prayer-book? It's heart-breaking to see you, my child, compelled to be married in a plain blue silk. I know of nothing that cut me down like that—to have to give up the idea of the beautiful display. It's one of those disappointments to which we are subjected in this life of trouble and vexation. It would be well for you to reflect upon it, as a religiously brought up young lady ought, in this solemn time, when

you are about to enter upon new responsibilities. I feel it my duty to warn you that life is not all sunshine. You will meet with a great many trials iu your married life. Wealthy as your husband and your pa will be, their purses will not be inexhaustible. You will be apt to want things you can't have.

O my! it's only twenty minutes now to the hour. Is that worsted wrapper all ready to throw around you? you will need it in the carriage. I've sent Felicia to Mrs. Fitz Simmon's to spend the evening; she thinks we're going to the opera. I'd like to have had her stand with you, but I knew she'd be so afraid of offending her father that she wouldn't consent. We'll get our pay out of him for this, Cerintha, see if we don't! We've been cheated out of a grand wedding by his foolish opposition; but we'll have the money it would have cost, and more, to dash out with afterwards. Never you fear but what I'll get it out of him after the affair is safely over. As I told Mr. Flummery, you must go off somewhere, spend a few days in traveling, and bring up at Newport; I will have coaxed your pa into for-

giveness by that time, and will forward a handsome check by letter, if I am not able to meet you there the first few days. Your father's doing well lately; he's had two or three immense contracts; he's got money, and you shall have it, as I told Flummery. Your pa's obstinate and mulish, but it ain't in him to hold out long after he sees the matter can't be helped; he's naturally generous, and he'll see that you have all the more when he begins to feel ashamed of the way he has fairly drove you, as it were, to a secret marriage. Flummery knows him so well, he says he doesn't doubt but that it 'll all turn out right.

La, my dear, how calm you are! You don't seem to be any more agitated than as if you were going to a party. When I was within half an hour of getting married, I was all in a fluster. But you've been superiorly brought up; you've had advantages which were denied to your mother in her younger days. I'm sure Felix will commend your self-control, for of all things, he says, he hates fussiness. I wonder if I'm very fussy before him; I've tried hard to be more composed in my manners, and I think I've suc-

ceeded. It's your pa, Cerintha, who is and always will be so frightfully fussy.

I think it was very condescending of Flummery to consent to this runaway match. I expected he'd be so mad at your father's refusing him and ordering him never to come any more, that he'd give you up; but it's evident he was too deeply attached to you, darling, to resign you because your pa insulted him. When I sent for him to call on us in Mr. Rasher's absence, and proposed to him to marry you secretly, without his knowing anything about it, he said at once that he was willing if you was; that is, if I was sure your pa wouldn't stay angry very long. He frankly confessed that, owing to very unexpected embarrassment among his creditors, they had asked him to wait a couple months for the money due him, and that he should not be able to bring you out, as he wished to, with the splendor your beauty deserved, unless you could furnish part of the funds yourself. I told him emphatically there was no doubt about it.

It's perfectly barbarous, sweet, to cheat you out of the bridesmaids, and the presents,

and the reports of the dresses in the papers; to sneak you off in this way to be married in the clergyman's own house, with nobody in particular to admire you. I feel for you, my darling; I could cry with vexation when I think of it; but you can make it up by dashing out afterwards. You shall have all the finery in good time. Only make sure of an aristocratic husband, and all is well. There isn't a girl in your set but will envy you. There isn't a person will care the snap of their fingers for what Mr. Rasher says and thinks; they know he's not fitted to pick out a husband for his own girls; they'll look upon it as one of his odd whims—everybody knows he's odd. The fact that I countenance the match, and went with you to the minister's, will make everything proper. I suppose Mrs. Yellow Dock will say I angled for Mr. Flummery, and was only too glad to catch him on any terms. Very well; let her say it; everybody knows she's angled for him with a golden bait bigger than mine, but he wouldn't bite. Let them laugh that wins. We've triumphed, and we intend to enjoy our victory, don't we, darling?

There! bless me, my heart came right up

in my mouth! Is that you, Thomas? The carriage is waiting, and the gentleman in it sends up his card. My love, the hour has come! Mr. Flummery is fifteen minutes before the time; it shows the ardor of his impatience. Well, we're ready, too. Come, Cerintha, hurry; I'm anxious to get away and be sure that nothing has gone wrong. It was so kind of Mr. Rasher to take it into his head to go to Albany to-day.

It's raining a little; draw your cloak around you, Cerintha. How dark it is! That stupid lamp in front of the house is broken; I should think the authorities would get it fixed; there's the carriage, and here's Mr. Flummery waiting in the rain to lead us in. Is that you, Flummery? All right. Your darling is here, well and happy, I hope, though of course, I have had hard work to keep her persuaded to the step. Two or three times I was afraid her courage would fail her—maiden timidity, you know, Mr. Flummery. You will excuse it, will you not? and not take it as any evidence against the devotion she has for the man for whom she is willing to risk so much; to resign the wedding-breakfast, and the presents, and

the attendants, and all, you know, upon which she had naturally set her heart. Heigh-ho! I can hardly realize where we are going. It was an awful disappointment to give up those ruffles bound with blue for the bridesmaids, and the new breakfast-set in gold-and-Solferino-band; but Cerintha shall have the laces, all the same, and the breakfast-set will do for you to begin with when her papa gives the sweet child an establishment of her own.

It's dreadful to think I'm about releasing my eldest girl into the charge of another's keeping, Mr. Flummery. I know you'll always treat my angel well. O dear! only to think that I'll have to drive back alone, and to break the news to Mr. Rasher, when he comes home in the morning. Don't you pity me? He's an awful temper when he's roused, but it'll be soon over. People must expect a few storms in the heaven of wedded life. To confess the truth, *I* have never been congenially mated, as you must have seen, Mr. Flummery. Rasher's been a good provider, and is kind-hearted about many things; but he's no taste! he's lacking in that refinement which I long for.

And he's no ambition. Many's the time I've said to him—"Rasher, now you've money to do it, quit pork packing and take to politics." But he hasn't a spark of ambition in his breast! No! not even to see his own daughters suitably married to gentlemen like yourself. You know how different *I* am, or we would not be riding together to the minister's to-night as we are.

Dear! dear! I might as well about not talk, for all the answers I get from you and Cerintha. I don't wonder you don't care to talk. *I* chatter away just to pass the time. I have never confided to any human being the mistake I made in marrying the man I did. But to you, Felix, who are so soon to become one of the family, and who feels personally the insults the head of that family has heaped upon you, I need not say how uncongenial we are in many respects. There is a coarseness about him that is offensive to my sensitive mind. My girls, I think I may congratulate myself, take after their mother, 'specially Cerintha, who is much more like *me* than Felicia. If I had my life to live over again, I shouldn't

make the choice I did make—nor I shouldn't be obliged to, neither. I had opportunities of doing better than I did. I had six offers the winter I accepted Timothy Rasher. I sha'n't say what the occupations of all of 'em were, but they wasn't in the pork business, that's certain. I *might* have been the wife of a very influential man, Mr. Flummery, more suited to the natural wishes of a woman of my mind. But that's past and gone—heigh-ho! past and gone!

Where's your hand, Flummery? Here's five hundred in bills, as I promised you; and there 'll be a check at Newport for a thousand, if I bring Rasher round as I expect to. I had a little trouble getting this money before he left; but I told him there was bills coming in for the new china, and my spring dresses, and I got it out of him. I was afraid you might be cramped, as it's a hard season; and even if you've plenty, there's never any too much for a young married couple to splurge on at a watering-place. La! you hurt my hand, you squeezed so hard—out of gratitude I suppose. You needn't thank me, it's for my child's benefit; she has two or three hun-

dred in her own purse, so you're safe for a spell. Don't give yourselves the least anxiety about Rasher; I'll manage him. Trust me for that. I'll bring him along to Newport, or leave him behind (which would be better), and bring his money instead.

O dear! we're almost there. Don't cry, Cerintha; you won't look so well, if you cry. I begin to feel almost as if it was my own wedding instead of my child's. We live over again in our children, Flummery. Ah, *I* was never united, as I trust my Cerintha will be, to a congenial companion. May she be spared the trials I have endured!

We are there. The carriage stops. I'm a little flustrated myself; but you will be calm, Mr. Flummery, for you're never anything else. Earthquakes wouldn't shake you. I do so admire your manners—I am charmed with my son-in-law. Cerintha, one little parting word, for I'll be sure to forget it after the excitement of the ceremony. Be a good wife. Don't let anybody at Newport outshine you. I've sent six trunks off to the depot this evening, and I'll forward the rest of your dresses as soon as they come home. There are seven morning-

dresses, exquisite, in the largest trunk. O dear!

Why, the lamp's out before this house, too! The authorities are really getting careless. Here, Flummery, give Cerintha your hand, I can find my own way. Here we are, all right. Ring the bell. Thomas! how came *you* here to open the door? Bless me, I didn't know our pastor's wife had furnished her hall exactly like mine! Come along, come along, my dears, right into the parlor. We won't take off our things—only our cloaks in the hall. Hum—(*screams*).

TIMOTHY RASHER! Heavens and earth! where did *you* come from? *(See next page.)* "OUT OF THE CARRIAGE! *Just had a pleasant ride with a couple of nice ladies!*" O my, Cerintha's fainted! run for water, Thomas—no wonder poor girl, no wonder she's fainted, to find herself—"*Saved from a life of misery.*"—Get out! no, sir, you sha'n't lay your hands on her, you ain't fit to touch her. Here, Thomas, help me carry her up stairs. O my! everything's ruined! the match broke up! and only think what I said to him in the carriage, and give him back the money besides!

The wretch is actually laughing to himself in the hall; he don't even pity Cerintha.

What's that he's hollerin' after us?—"*Never try to light a lucifer match on a*

Timothy Rasher! Heavens and earth! where did *you* come from?

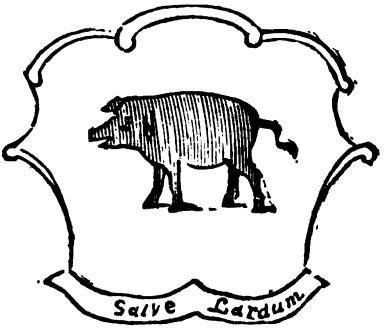
rainy night, it won't go off!"—and we've had our trouble, and a ride around the square and back again for our pains. Here's my poor, dear child, just a-coming to her

senses, and there he is down stairs a-singing at the top of his voice—

"And here I sing, long live my wife,
My daughter, long live she,
And when again they ride abroad
May I be there to see!"

CHAPTER XIII.

A SEA VOYAGE.



You don't say so! Flummery married to Mrs. Yellow Dock's daughter! That's all *your* doings, Rasher. If you hadn't interfered in the shameful manner you did to break up the match when it was on the very point of going off, he might have been my son-in-law instead of that odious woman's. And she's always pretended she wouldn't allow him to have one of *her* daughters on account of his immorality. Didn't I tell you it was sour grapes? She snatched him up at the first chance, which she never would have got at all if poor Flummery hadn't been

broken-hearted about Cerintha, and so desperate that he didn't care what he did. Rather calculating in his desperation? What do you mean? Got a couple of hundred thousand for throwing himself away? O yes! of course you'll put that construction upon it. You're always thinking of money, Rasher, always; you're nothing but an account-book, a perfect ledger. Who keeps you always thinking of money? I'm sure I don't know; you can't accuse me of it. Only so that I have all I want I don't care where if comes from, nor how it's made. Of course I have to have plenty of it to gratify my tastes and keep up appearances, but I don't care about the money; all I want of it is to spend it. It's very unreasonable of you to intimate that *I* make an account-book out of my husband. I can't abide business, and the pork business above all. All I ask of you is to provide the necessaries of life for your wife and children; yet a person would think, to hear you talk, that I made a slave of you. Whenever I say we've got enough, you'll quit work and be glad of it? I haven't asked you to quit work; as long as you're active and hearty I see no reason

why you should give up business, and as for our having enough, *I*'ve never seen the time when I had half what I wanted. There's the Jones's go to Europe every season, and have gold instead of silver spoons. There's plenty of our neighbors live better than we do, and we must be very easily satisfied to settle down on what we've got at our time of life.

I'm as bad as the farmer's wife, who only wanted to be comfortable? Oh, don't tell any of your vulgar anecdotes, husband; they're all out of fashion, and only provoke me. We *might* have been contented with a fish shop, but we wasn't; we have riz in life, and I see no reason why we should't keep on rising until we—"bust!" There it comes again! always hinting about bursting up, and failing, and ruin, and such trash, which I don't believe at all in, only you keep it to scare me, as folks keeps dark closets to shut up children in. And big folks, too? There, there! I wouldn't refer to *that*. What I was going to say when you put it all out of my head telling me about Flummery's getting married. Poor Cerintha! how she *will* feel when she hears it! Only three weeks

since he was almost united at the altar with *her*. What I was going to say is that *next* summer we must have a country-house. It's all very nice coming to a watering-place, and only decent of you to bring us here, after getting Cerintha into such a scrape, and I shall want to come every season; but I shall want a country-house besides. Lots of our friends are getting them. It's real stylish to have one, whether you ever use it or not. We could go to it for a few weeks before Newport gets crowded, and when it gets real crowded, and jammed with company, we could come here. I could give a *fete sham-peter* to pass away the time; Fitz Simmons says they're delightful. "What's a sham Peter?" Why, it's a—a—you know what; out of doors, you know, a—"sham like every other fashionable nonsense, but what's Peter got to do with it?" O dear, you're so queer, my love. Peter hasn't anything to do with it but to wait on the company, as usual. It's an outdoor party, you know, with a band of music on the lawn, and a place to dance, and refreshments in a tent—oh, it's lovely! and such a chance for the young people to flirt! A kind of a bar-

bacue! What a gross idea, my dear! If you were to give a sham-peter, you'd serve up nothing but little pigs, roasted whole? Oh, get out! you take solid comfort in making all my little plans look ridiculous.

It's real nice here, isn't it? I'm sorry you have to go back to the city, husband; though we shall get along very well without you, especially with Peter and the carriage; and it's necessary you shouldn't neglect the business if we're ever to do what I've set my heart on; and I suppose, after all, it's about as cool in your warehouse and in the great big shut up house at home as in these little hot rooms, and the dining-room so crowded, and the ball-room so melting of an evening. And as you don't care for company, and never dance, I suppose it's just as well you should go; you'll never be a fashionable man, and I'm not certain but the girls will make a better impression without their pa than with him. They're very popular already. It's rumored about here that your profits last year were over a hundred thousand, and I shall take no pains to do away with the impression. I overheard somebody asking Mrs. Gregory who we was, and she

said we were the "new family." I'm sure she needn't talk; they're only a year old themselves. She did some real ridiculous things here last summer. I hope I shall have tact enough not to make myself such a laughing-stock as she was. The coat-of-arms on our carriage is very much admired. Every time it comes round to the entrance I can see, by peeping through the curtains, the gentlemen looking at it and talking about it. What makes you always wink and smile whenever any one says anything to you about it? It seems to me I should be comparatively a happy woman if you would leave off winking. Of all your habits, I do think it's the most offensive. It's positively rude and horribly low. Did you ever see Mr. Fitz Simmons do so? or Flummery? O dear! speaking of Flummery, I suppose he'll bring his bride right here to spite us and hurt Cerintha's feelings. He thinks she and I had a hand in playing him that trick, and, now all hope is over, I guess it's best to let him keep on thinking so. If the story gets out at all here, of course it'll be that we gave him the mitten, and it will be a feather in Cerintha's cap to have had

the refusal of Mr. Flummery. A *goose*-feather? No, it won't, not by a great deal. You won't find many people to agree with you in your prudish ideas about young men; and if you don't live to regret the day when you broke up the match between your child and an eligible person like Flummery, then I'm mistaken. I'm tired of talking; but you are the strangest man! Actually invited that clerk of yours to the house, and tried to get Felicia to admire him; and all the time driving away the very best match in the city.

Would I like to go a bathing? Yes, indeed; we had dresses made a-purpose before we come away. I've heard so much of the ocean turf, I think it must be splendid. I wouldn't like to get drownded, and you know I am a little cowardly; but if you say it's safe, I'll venture to go along with you. I could hardly keep from screaming yesterday as we sat in our carriage and saw the turf break over their heads in the way it did. The girls thought it delightful, and they're engaged to go to-day with a party. You're a good swimmer, and I'd rather go with you the first time. Used to be a per-

fect duck when you was a boy? Well, you're a duck now, my dear, when you're good, and don't bother me, and don't wink or talk in company, and let me have all the money I ask for. There, there! please don't muss my morning-dress; it's the prettiest of them all. That's another trick I wish you would give up—hugging and kissing your own wife. I've told you frequently 'twas all out of date. If you was going to stay in Newport, I should make you promise that you wouldn't hug me before people, that you wouldn't wink, that you wouldn't say "Marier," nor carry a silk pocket-handkerchief, nor eat your fish with a knife, nor refer to swine while you was here; but as you leave to-morrow, it's not worth while to try and worry you into it.

I thought I should sink through the floor last evening when you told Mrs. Douglass, when she asked how long we were going to stay, that you supposed I'd want to go the whole hog. *You* thought I'd sink through it when I was dancing with young Spangler? Well, I guess I'm as about as light a dancer as most women of my weight. You can't bear to see me enjoy myself because you

don't dance yourself. Better leave it to my girls? There's another of your notions. People now-a-days consider the mother has the best right to the attentions of the young men, and that it's the daughter's place to keep in the back-ground. Not but that young ladies are forward enough; they know as much at ten as they ought to at twenty, and they're as pert as pepper, every one of 'em. I heard Delia Krout telling Spangler that he looked as if he was waltzing with a big pumpkin, because I'm rather plump, and had on my yellow satin—the envious thing wanted him all to herself; and he whispered to her that it was the fairy pumpkin that could be turned into a carriage and horses whenever he wished, and they both tittered. I sha'n't invite Spangler to ride with us again while we're here, you may bet. Needn't *stew* about it, if the young men do call me a pumpkin? Now, that's just like you, Rasher; instead of having the spunk to get mad when your own wife is made fun of, you turn in and ridicule her, too. You're willing to pull Spangler's nose if I wish it to prove that I ain't a pumpkin? Of course I *don't* wish it; have the

whole hotel laughing at us. But you needn't go to making puns when my feelings are injured. Time to go to the beach? I'll be ready in a minute.

Please blow me up, my dear, before we go in.

What is it? Why, it's my life-preserving jacket, that I bought before I left the city. Please blow me up, my dear, before we go in. "With pleasure—time you returned the compliment." What do you mean?

"I've been blowing you up for twenty years, and your willing to return the favor for once." You seem to stand it pretty well. O dear! how curious I look! I don't think the costume is as becoming to me as to those slender young ladies over there. And this jacket puffed out under my arms. I wish I had the courage to go in without it, but I hav'n't; I'm almost a mind to back out now. I'm so heavy, I shouldn't stand a good chance in case of an accident. "Get on swimmingly." Ah, but that's the very way I don't want to get on. Ugh! how delightful the water feels—so cool, so delicious—ugh! it makes me shiver. Wait a minute, till I get used to it. I'm sure I shall like it very much after I've learned how. "Why are we like pickled pork?" We ain't, I'm sure, and you needn't ask. "Because we're in brine." Well, I believe the water *is* salt, sure enough. How disgusting; if I'd thought of that, I believe I wouldn't have come. How can poets and authors talk so much about the majestic ocean when it's nothing but a great puddle of nasty brine! I wonder if that's what makes everything so salty that the sailors have to eat at sea?

I don't see why so much nice water was spoiled by putting salt in it. O dear, Rasher, don't go in any farther! I'm getting my feet wet, and I shall catch cold. O my! oh! oh—hold on to me tight. "Look like a bar-maid!" In what respect, I'd be pleased to have you inform me?—"said *mer*-maid." Well, what's that?" something worse still? "Fish woman." La, I remember now; but I don't believe in 'em, do you! "Rather a scaly set." That's my opinion, and as for their combing their hair with their fingers and singing songs to get men to drown themselves, it's all bosh. "Why need not sailors eat hard biscuit on windy days?" I'm sure I don't know. "Because they can have fresh rolls." If you was burst up in a steamboat or falling out of a balloon, I think you'd have time to make a conundrum, husband. Here we are, up to our waists in the ocean, and you're at it the same as usual.

There's a wave coming in. Now, then, what am I to do? Duck? how? A goose would know how. I suppose it would, as the water is it's natural element, but it isn't mine. Well, hold on to me, and say "duck," at the right time. Rasher—oh! Rash—er!

Rasher.—Good gracious! the undertow has carried her under. If that isn't an underhanded trick in old Ocean! Marier! my dear wife, are you gone? are you drownded? Help! help! Oh, what will my children say when they hear their mother is lost! And I persuaded her into it. There! she's come to the surface, way out of my reach, and the wind blowing off shore like mad. It's a fortunate thing she's got on that jacket. It floats her like a buoy. Oh, Marier, that ever I should live to see the day you went to sea, floating off as calmly as a cork on a fish-line! Good Heavens! how she bobs! she looks like a buoy; but she'd be mad if she heard me say so, when she belongs to the other sex. There goes a boat after her. I wish I was in it. Why don't they pull harder? The wind's a carrying her out faster than they can row. I'll give 'em a thousand dollars if they save her, I will. Yes, Marier, I forget all your failings when I see you in that dreadful situation. There's one consolation, you can't sink while that life-preserver holds out; but you may be carried out to sea to perish of hunger and thirst. I'll give 'em two thousand dollars if they get her; I will—if

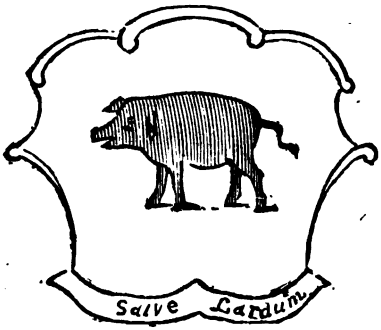
she *is* a scold. They are overhauling her, they're overhauling her! they've got her! they have! goodness, won't they have a lift, two hundred and eighty pounds. She's in; they've put about. Drive down to where the boat lands, Peter, to be ready to take her home. Never mind my best suit; bring it along.

Here they come; she's alive, she's setting up; she puffs a little, but she's all right. Oh. Marier, here you are! how are you? What did you put out alone in that style for? I thought you'd sailed for Liverpool, sure. You are like a piece of roast pork—all dripping, Hurrah, boys! I'll never forget you. Take my purse, and divide it between you. If it ain't enough, come up to the Ocean House, and I'll give you a check for more. Here's my watch, too, take that—and my bosom-pin. I've got my wife back, and I don't care for the trash. Ha, ha, ha! Marier, how do you like sea-bathing? You'll sea no more of it. You're a little pale—but that's because you hold so much water. You'll be all right by dinner-time. I guess I must have swallowed some brine, too; it seems to be running out of my eyes. Ho! ho! a

capital joke, wasn't it—that little trip out to sea? Drive on, Peter, fast. You've saved your bacon, my dear, and will be all the sweeter for a little salting.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WELCOME LETTER.



WELL, girls, I'm glad your pa has gone back to New York. He's all right in his place, but I'm afraid he's rather of a drawback to us in a place like this, where one has to live constantly on show, as it were. There's a great deal depends on the next few weeks; you've just come out, and you've got your reputations to make as belles and heiresses. I want your first season at Newport to be a decided success, so that you can begin the winter in the city with flying colors. Your pa has left us a pretty liberal supply of means; he's a good man to his family, but he's sadly

lacking in gentility, and keeps me nervous when he's with us, for dread of his mistakes. Guess he's as good as we are? I suppose he is, Felicia, and I don't blame you for standing up for your father; you and him are always flying up in defence of each other. He's *good*, no doubt, but he isn't genteel, and never will be, if he lives to the age of Methusaleh; it isn't *in* him. *I* didn't have much better advantages than him when I was young, but I've a natural tact for society, and I flatter myself nobody could tell that I didn't go to boarding-school when I was a girl. Cerintha, what are you pinching Felicia for? If you think it worth while to ridicule your own mother, you can try it. If I didn't coax your pa to open the purse-strings, you'd have a hard time getting *your* fingers in so freely, so you'd better be careful who you treat with disrespect. Young ladies think it an accomplishment, now-a-days, to flout their own parents. I don't see what has made the change. When I was a child, I dursn't set down before my father and mother unless they told me to, and now, when folks do ten times as much for their children as they used to, they get

sauce and impertinence for it. I can't see what makes the difference!

Felicia, put on your *violet* grenadine. As I passed Miss Krout's room, I heard her tell her maid she was going to wear a *violet* grenadine; she's so yellow she'll look horribly in it, and I want you to wear yours for contrast to spite her. There ain't many who can wear it as well as you; it's a very trying color, but you look as fair as a baby in it. You've got a beautiful complexion, though you are not as handsome as your sister; and those dimples in your shoulders almost pay you for being so dumpy. You're not going to wear that *fichu*, are you, and hide 'em? I sha'n't consent to it. Your face isn't so pretty that you can afford to hide your neck. I want you to make the most of your time when you're here. You're new, now, and have the name of an heiress, and if you don't make a match that 'll pay me for the trouble and expense I've had with you, I shall be disappointed. Cerintha would have been off my hands before this if it hadn't been for her pa. She'd have been the most fashionable bride here, and would have helped you amazingly. I should only

have had *one* on my hands, instead of two to manœuvre for, and have had the *prestige* of being Flummery's mother-in-law. Needn't make any matches for you? O no, I suppose not! You intend to go home and marry your pa's clerk, don't you? Your face is as red as fire. I tell you now, that as long as I live you'll never do a thing of that kind. You shouldn't have come one step with us, adding to the expense as you do. You should have remained at home with the housekeeper, if I'd suspected such a thing. What do you suppose I brought you to Newport for? For the sea air, you suppose? Well, if that isn't a good joke! I bought you eleven new dresses, two mantles, three summer shawls, four bonnets, ten pairs of shoes, two riding-hats, two new parasols, three fans, twenty pairs of gloves, then lace handkerchiefs and trifles *add infantum* to take the sea air in, I suppose! Really, I think you could have had change of air on your Aunt Rasher's farm, with three or four lawn dresses, a straw hat, and a stout pair of walking shoes, if that had been *all*, and your board bill saved besides. Don't make a fool of yourself, Felicia; you

can never have but one "first season," and you had better make the most of it.

That girl is her father over again, and I expect she'll disgrace the family yet. Your tissue, with the pansies *brocaded*, will be sweet for dinner, Cerintha, with your turquoise set. There goes the summons now, and you're far from ready; but I don't mind being a little late since our seats are always saved for us. There 'll be a better chance to show your clothes. There's a new arrival to-day, and I want you to look your best; I heard all about him this morning, when Mrs. Gibson and I sat in the parlor talking. She knows him; he bowed to her as he passed us, and she told me who he was—a real catch. Is he handsome? Pshaw! what a silly question! Hurry, my dear. No, he isn't very handsome nor *very* young, but he's *perfect* in his manners, and belongs to a real old Knickerbocker family. He's a widower with two children, both boys, and away to school, so they'll make no trouble for a step-mother. Mrs. Gibson says he's rather conceited and a little quick-tempered; but them are faults very easily overlooked. Your pa is quick-tempered, but it doesn't

prevent his making a very good husband. Mr. Von Wagoner is wealthy and exclusive. Put these springs in your hair, Felicia. That's superb, Cerintha, that head-dress with that dress; Miss La Mode's taste is *exquisite.*

Are you all ready? Let me shake out them folds—so. Where's my own handkerchief? Now, behave your prettiest, to-day, girls, and see who will be the fortunate one. Only remember one thing; he's particular, and you mustn't let him *see* you're trying. Retiring quietness to-day, my loves.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Gibson tells me that Mr. Von Wagoner inquired after you, who you were, and so on, Cerintha. She says he was struck with the quiet elegance of your demeanor. I'm prouder of that compliment than any other you ever received; it shows, if *he* thinks so, that you've outgrown every difficulty. You're afraid he won't like *me* as well as he does you? You make yourself very pleasant to your mother, miss. I guess I can manage my own cards. I'm so fussy? Well, he won't want to marry *me*, fortunate-

ly, and if *you* suit him, I guess matters will be smooth enough. We're *rich*, please remember, and I presume Mr. Von Wagoner, pride and all, doesn't despise a fortune. Didn't I tell you myself to be very quiet before him, and to shrink rather than advance? He's used to being courted, and it don't take with an old bird like him. I'm not a fool, and if you mind my instructions, you'll be on the safe side.

Don't dance to-night, Cerintha; at least only a quadrille or so; let the schottische and waltzes alone, and be very particular about partners; that is, if Mr. Von Wagoner is present.

Here comes Peter with letters. I should think you corresponded with half the young ladies you know in the school. And here's one for me from your pa; I hope it's got a good big check in it. Open it, Felicia, and read it to me. It bothers me to read handwriting, and your pa's is so curious. However, they're usually short, if not sweet. What! isn't there a check in it? How careless he is! Well, if there's any news in it worth reading, just let me know. *(Felicia reads):—*

MY DEAR WIFE: Felicia's favor of the 12th came duly to hand. She can draw on me at sight for a couple of kisses in pay for her kind wishes. I'm getting along as well as could be expected, keeping house alone. Evenings dull, but short; go to bed early. Suppose you expect a remittance; but you must check yourself, if you do. The only drafts honored now-a-days are those on the soda-fountains, and some of them have busted. Warm weather here—tries men's soles and livers too—enuff to set iron pigs a running. Thermom'ters all gone up and quit business. Our old friends, C—— Brothers, have added themselves to their stock of "cheap clothing;" they've become a pair of suspenders; but let them hold up their own acts as stout as they've a mind; everybody thinks 'em guilty of breeches of promise. Shouldn't have invested so much in these dull times, their op'rations were two expantsive. However, I am sorry to say, they're not alone. H. & M., the tea-merchants we know, have gone by the board—not the tea-board. They've been in hot water for some time. Smith's chair factory is on its last legs. In fact, my dear wife, no firm, new

or old, is considered really stable, except the liveries. Most firms are anything but firm. Under such circumstances do you think it strange that even pork should be over-done?

I don't want to alarm you, nor the dear girls, but I'm afraid I must say it would be better for you to leave your present quarters; they may be dear to you, but they're too dear for me. In short, Marier, how would you like to go back to the old three-story brick?

You had better pack your trunks and return as soon after receiving this as convenient, if you've money enuff to pay bills; if not, telegraph. I'd come after you, but can't leave very well at present.

My heart aches for our poor children. We're used to it, but they ain't; they're dainty as spring chickens. Oh, Marier! don't scold. If you knew how I feel! You've told me all my life of my failings, and this is the worst failing of all. That pretty gilt sign—Timothy Rasher—that I was so proud of, must come down from over the warehouse door. You'll never be troubled by the business you have despised any more. I'll explain partic'lars when you reach home. Men will say

I've been Rasher in my speculations than I should have been; that's what hurts me most. Everybody 'll have his cut at me now, till I'm all used up—not a slice of me left. I've always considered it a slippery business, and now, indeed, I find myself in a pretty mess. All I ask, Marier, is that you will put up with it as bravely as possible. If you're hard on me, I shall be more down in the mouth than ever. Poor Cerintha! it'll be bad for her. I guess Flummery will be tickled to think he's out of the scrape. But I must close. Hoping to see you soon, and to congratulate you upon your husband's going out of the pork business,

Yours in distress, TIMOTHY RASHER.

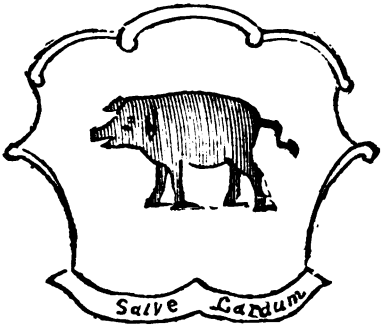
P. S.—I tried hard, but I couldn't "save my bacon."

P. S.—Even the barrels in the warehouse are in tiers.

P. P. S.—*Don't* scold, Marier; it isn't my fault, it's my failing.

CHAPTER XV.

HOME AGAIN.



WELL, Rasher, it's just as I expected! I've always said you'd fail, always! Hundreds of thousands of times I've said it since you went into the pork business, a low, vulgar, contemptible business, which I never could abide. And to fail now, of all times! Waited till I'd got to Newport, and splurged out; and then, when everybody knew who I was and all about us, to up and fail, and be sent for, and have to go home right in the midst of the season. You did it to provoke me, I verily believe. Why didn't you give up six weeks ago, and then we could

have gone to the country, or hid our heads somewhere? I told a prodigious whopper about our leaving so suddenly; I told every one you was very sick. They'll hear the truth soon enough, and I hadn't the courage to face my own mortification. It sets me half frantic to think how much they'll enjoy it when they get the news; all them hateful, envious, spiteful women—tickled to death to get me out of the way. You're to blame for it all, Rasher. You're an old fool, and I don't care if the girls do hear me say so; their father'd no business to bring 'em into such trouble. Neither of 'em married, and now they never will be. One of 'em might have been out of the way, at least, the wife of a man that everybody likes to know, if it hadn't been for your interference, getting into the carriage in the most shameful manner, and driving us home instead of to the minister's; and now I suppose she'll live an old maid. Lucky escape? Humph! that's *your* idea. I presume Mr. Flummery would have been mad when you failed, of course, but she would have been his wife, and he couldn't help himself, could he? It does seem to me that you were the most lacking

in worldly prudence of anybody I ever saw. You never see only one side of a question. You ought to have stayed a single man, Rasher, and not have had an innocent wife and family to suffer from your lack of common sense.

Take off my bonnet, and cool down a little? Thank you, you're *very* considerate, my dear! I expect I shall be cool in this dreadful city, with the thermometer ninety-four degrees in the shade, and me, of all persons, who ought to be by the seaside, suffering as I always do from the heat. I expect I can take off my bonnet and make myself at home, when I haven't any home to make myself. If you wasn't totally wanting in common delicacy, you wouldn't mention the word, when you know this very house 'll be in the sheriff's hands in less 'n a month. I can tell by the very way Peter's throwing them trunks down in the hall that he knows already he's going to be discharged. O dear! it's nothing but trouble, trouble! and you want me to make myself easy. If you'd a spark of feeling in your breast, you'd know I couldn't be easy.

What's that, Felicia? You don't think I

ought to scold papa; he looks sick and tired himself? Does he, indeed! I should think he ought to, after all the suffering he's brought on his family. You'd better pity *him*, and tell your mother when it's proper for her to speak. Think I ought to spare you, when you're already so dreadfully cut up that you feel like a packed pig? It seems you don't feel so bad but that you can go on punning, when you know how I hate it. I hope you ordered the housekeeper to have some kind of a dinner ready, for I'm perfectly exhausted by my journey and my mental sufferings. O dear! O dear! all the servants dismissed but two, and the furniture tied up in Holland, and standing around like so many ghosts. I expect even my dressing-mirrors have got tarletan over 'em, which we'll have to take off before we can see to brush our hair. All the silver sent off to Tiffany's big safe, and nobody to wait on us at dinner but the housekeeper; it's just as distressing and miserable as it can be. I can't endure it; I've got a horrible headache now. I shall be sick by to-morrow. Come girls, we may as well go up stairs, and take off our own

things and wash our own faces, for we've nobody to do it for us. Tell the woman to have a good, hearty dinner, Rasher, for I've given out, and need it. Heigh-ho!

. . . . . .

Stick your foot through them lace hangings, if you want to, husband; they'll bring just as much at auction. You thrash around like a flail on a barn floor. Mosquitoes? There ain't one in the room; it's your mind that troubles you, and not mosquitoes. It's the "stings and narrows of outrageous fortune," Mr. Rasher, and not mosquitoes. There! What on earth have you hopped clear out of bed for? Is there a spider or a snake in it? Surprised to hear *me* quoting Shakspeare? 'Twasn't Shakspeare, my love, so you're up a stump there; 'twas that handsome actor we used to go to hear at Wallack's, so you might as well get back again and compose yourself. You'd have been to sleep long ago if I hadn't kept you awake by my groans and sighs? Now, my dear, you know I haven't spoke or stirred since we came to bed. You meant my *size*—240 pounds—and a warm night in August; my growin's and size? Rasher, I've a good

mind to pitch you out on the floor! As if we hadn't real trouble enough but you must go and make it worse by your jokes and silliness. Here we are, on the brink of starvation, as it were, and you're jesting as if it were a laughing matter. Can't starve as long as we have so many Rashers in the house? Well, well, well! I suppose, then, when you've brought us to the verge of ruin we're all to turn cannibals, and eat each other up. But say, my dear, I wanted to ask you seriously, before you went to sleep, whether matters are really as bad as you have represented them? A great many folks fail, and live better than they did before. *Hope* to pay up all your debts, fair and square, and still have enough to buy back our old home, if you can get your creditors to give you a fair chance, in the course of a year or two? Do you think I'm going back into that little mean three-story brick, Timothy Rasher? Now, listen to *me!* other people don't do it, and I'm not going to. There's Stereotype & Co. failed last fall, and *they* haven't given up their house, and Mrs. S. dresses just as well as she used to, and they keep just as many ser-

vants; and it's the same with the Flashers, and Lamp-oils, and everybody else I know. It won't hurt us one particle to fail, as far as society is concerned, if we only manage our own affairs as we ought to. Pay your debts, indeed! I suppose every contemptible cook and barrel-maker, porter and book-keeper, will have to be paid, and your family left to deprive themselves of their carriage and jewelry. That's your idea of justice! No, sir; charity begins at home! I'm getting too fleshy to walk, and I intend to keep my carriage. As long as I do, and make as many calls, and give as many parties, and spend as much money as ever, there isn't one of our friends will drop us; but we might as well go into the Tombs as into that three-story brick, as far as ever seeing *their* faces again is concerned. Think we ought to be grateful, under the circumstances, if we save that much? I sha'n't be grateful, and I sha'n't live in it, if you do get it back. Come, my dear, I know something about business, if I *am* a woman. You told me yourself that you only failed because them that owed *you* couldn't pay you in time to enable you to take up your notes; that

your business really was worth as much as ever, and your assets were worth eighty cents on the dollar, at least. Now, if you can get your creditors to compromise for forty cents on two hundred thousand dollars, and give you a year to pay that in, why, you'll have *made money* like dirt, and we can live better'n ever. Cheating? Nonsense! I tell you *everybody* does it; it's a well understood game, and highly honorable, or else fashionable folks wouldn't do it. The Flashers and Lamp-oils did it. I heard Lamp-oil myself say that a man had to fail once or twice to learn how to do business. They're getting on better than ever. Mrs. Lamp-oil had more diamonds than any other woman at Newport. If you haven't regard enough for your wife, at least have some consideration for your daughters. Here they are, just pausing on the threshold of the best society; can you have the heart to turn 'em away from the brilliant prospectus before them to the dingy parlor and sitting-room of that three-story brick? Can you call yourself a father, and be guilty of it, Rasher? It would break Cerintha's heart, I know it would! the poor girl would never

hold up her head again. Don't see why they can't learn to get along as their mother did? 'Twon't hurt 'em to comb their own hair and make their own frocks? Oh, Rasher, what a brute you are! Honesty! honesty! I'm sick of the word; it's a low, vulgar word, and I'm sick of it. Poor people have it always in their mouths; they seem to think it gives 'em some sort of claim on us. Do I wish you to be *dis*honest? Of course not. What do you ask such provoking questions for? All I want of you is to *do as other people do;* people in our station, who know what's proper. I don't think you need to set up to be better than folks who will hardly bow to us. There it goes at last! I knew you'd poke a hole in that curtain before morning. Well, it makes no difference to me. If even the very bed I sleep on is to be sold for the benefit of creditors, you may take all the comfort you can out of it. I'd rather the curtains would be torn than not; they were such a lovely pattern, perfectly exquisite. The person I bought them of said that pattern was invented for the bridal-chamber of Queen Victoria's daughter, and now you've kicked a hole in 'em, and

I'm glad of it. Nobody else shall glory in the idea that they're sheltered by *my* best curtains; I'll set fire to 'em first! If there's any little articles like these that I set particular store by, you'll bid 'em in yourself, and save 'em from the general sale? My gracious! are you still talking about a sale, after all I've said? Let me tell you, Rasher, I won't budge an inch, not if the very sheriff himself comes and tries to put me outdoors! When these things are sold, it'll be because they're old-fashioned and I want new ones in their place. I've calculated to have new furniture about next November; this'll be a year old then, and quite out of date; but if you really are not going to be able to get new this fall, I can put up with this till Christmas, and I'm sure you can't ask anything more reasonable than that. I'm willing to be reasonable, if you'll only be; but when you ask me to pack up my duds and take my unmarried daughters back into the old house, just because you've failed in business, I think you're decidedly wrong. There's the Flashers failed five times, and now they're building a new house way above ours, and they're going to France to select

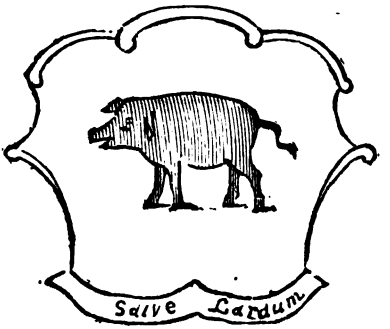
their furniture, and Flasher's credit is bigger than ever. If you go down the ladder, you'll only get kicks on the way; nobody 'll trust you, nor give you time, nor show you mercy, nor help you up again. If you hadn't been a fool, as it were, you wouldn't have sent for us to come home from Newport, but would have furnished us with means to dash out more than ever, and the world would have had more confidence in you, and your creditors would have made better terms. It was very unwise, our coming home. I don't know how to retrieve the bad effects of such a step but by giving a tremendous party the very first week our friends get back, next month. It must be a splendid affair, or nothing at all; everything just as expensive as it can be. It's the only course that will save us, and keep our places in society. If we make light of our misfortunes, other people will do the same. As long as we can entertain our friends handsomely, we may expect to be entertained in return. Are you asleep? Yes? No, you ain't, either, or you wouldn't answer. I want your consent to the party this very night. If you say I may give it, I will have that to

take up my mind; it will be some consolation for staying at home, instead of being in Newport, and it will save the girls from moping about in such a melancholy manner. It won't be any common affair, but something to make everybody that's invited eager to oome. It will be worth twenty thousand dollars to your credit, and it won't cost over two thousand, besides the chance of the girls making a strike. Rasher! you're snoring; that's a certain sign you don't like what I'm saying. You always resort to that pitiful trick to put a stop to my talking—you ought to be ashamed of it. Of what—my talking? No, your snoring. O dear! it's impossible to beat anything into your head. I've beat it so much I've dulled its delicate sensibilities? Delicate sensibilities, indeed! Nobody ever dreamed of *your* having any, my love. If I'd have been united to a suitable companion, who had proper considerations for *my* sensibilities, I shouldn't have to hammer ideas into your brains the way I do. To sell pork and pay your debts seems about the height of your ambition. We might take the shine off the Yellow Docks completely if you had the spunk you

ought to have. Snoring again ! Very well ; I'm to give the party, then, for you haven't said no (and if you had it wouldn't make a particle of difference.)

CHAPTER XVI.

HER DEAR FRIEND COMES TO SEE HER.



Oh, Fitz, how do you do? Yes, it *is* rather unexpected, our returning so soon. But you see I got tired of Newport. I came pretty near getting drownded the first time I went into bathe, and that made me sick of the ocean; and, to tell the truth, I don't think Newport is what it used to be; it's getting too promiscuous. It's worse still at Saratoga, and I don't know what a person, who's very particular, is going to do for some place to take their daughters and enjoy themselves in the summer time. It's just as well that your husband wasn't able

to let you go, dear. You'd be willing to run the risk? O, I know; that's the way *I* felt before I got there. Heard Cerintha had made a very brilliant conquest, but suppose it must have fallen through, or we wouldn't have abandoned it? Well I don't know about that. I expect the gentlemen in question will call upon her as soon as he returns, and he is going to be back next week. By the way, Fitz, what's the matter? Seems to me you're unusually cool this morning—anything the matter? Too bad! What, dear? Oh, Rasher's failure! Yes, it *is* bad, but nothing very serious after all, Mrs. Fitz Simmons; but if that's all that troubles you, you can just drop that little touch of chilliness, my dear friend, till you see how it's going to turn out. I thought you knew too much about society to be affected by trifles. His failure ain't going to hurt him any, especially if he takes my advice. To be sure, *he* wants to go back to the old house, and come down in our style of living a little, but *I* don't think of it, and you know I generally have my own way, Fitz. I intend to dash out more'n ever, and if any one snubs me, they won't

make anything by it. I told Rasher last night that the *first* step I intend to take was to give a superb party as soon as our friends returned to town. I told him it was the true policy; don't *you* think so? I knew you would. A real magnificent affair, a perfect crush, just to show people I'm not to be put down, if they *were* hoping and expecting it. I want you to help me about the details, Fitz. Seeing we've got to stay to home, we'll amuse ourselves the best way we can. If I have to sell my diamonds privately, I'll give the party; I'm bound to do it; nothing shall prevent me. Has Rasher consented? Why, yes, if "silence gives consent," I suppose he has. I talked it at him until he made no more objections, and so I suppose it's settled. Make his creditors mad? So he said. Let 'em get mad, if they want to; they can't help themselves. He's dreadfully sensitive about his business honor, but, as I told him, that kind of thing was out of date. It's his duty to think of his family first, don't you agree with me, my dear? I knew you would. And now about the party; I'm bound to have something novel about it, so that everybody

will be sure to come. Music? Oh, of course, five or six pieces, at least, and an opera singer, and plenty of hot-house flowers, and everything of that kind, *of course*; but I want something very new besides. There ain't any Prince of Wales to invite, nor any Hottentots nor gorillas; it will be too crowded for theatricals or costumes. I declare, I'm quite at a loss for what the new feature shall be. It's the greatest trouble I have in the world, at this present moment, but I'll trust it to *you*, Fitz; you have such taste, and are so inventive. Rasher went off with a headache this morning; he said it was because I talked to him all night, and because he was troubled in his mind; I guess his head would ache harder still if he'd as much to think of as I. A man never knows that a woman has any cares; if I didn't know where I was to get my next new dress or who was to make it up for me, he'd only laugh at me. I don't expect sympathy in my troubles; the male sex cannot comprehend the thousand little perplexities which we have to vex us and try our tempers. Headache, indeed! the idea of Rasher getting the headache be-

cause of trouble on his mind! I had to laugh when he spoke of it. I told him he hadn't mind enough to give him the headache; which, between you and me, Fitz, is about so, though I wouldn't say it to anybody but my dearest friend. He's got some fun in him, but he has no *judgment*—not a particle. Heigh-ho! If it wasn't for me and my advice, we'd been into scrapes oftener than we are. He's evidently unwilling that I should give this party, or that we should retain this house, when any simpleton might see it's the only way to get along and retain our self-respect. *That's* so, Fitz. There's no other way. As long as we keep up appearances, people won't trouble themselves about how it's done. I'm here and I'm going to stay here; I'm not going to be pushed off by anybody. I've worked hard and spared no trouble to get to the top of the heap, and here I'll abide.

Must you go? I won't ask you to stay to dinner to-day, for we haven't got our regular cook back yet; but drop in to-morrow and give me the benefit of your brains about the party. You won't find any change here, my dear; footman, and butler, and

the carriage. We'll have as many drives and do as much shopping as ever, so don't be discouraged. Good-by, love.

Humph! she actually didn't kiss me when she came in. I saw at the first glance that she meant to insult me by condolence, and cut me in the politest manner. Fitz don't know everything, smart as she is. I took her down, and put her on a different track. It's shameful! shameful! I've fed and clothed that woman, as it were, for the sake of her aid and assistance in getting into her circle, and here, the moment she thinks I'm not going to be able to confer such favors, she grows as cool as a cucumber. It's perfectly shameful! pure, disgraceful selfishness. I hate her for it, but I can't afford to give her up at present. I'll have my revenge some day. I *must* have her friendship through this crisis, for whatever she does there's plenty of others will do. She'll go into the party with her whole heart and soul, and the consequences will be a success. How her face brightened and her manner changed when I spoke of it! She kissed her "dear friend" so prettily when she went away! Humph! I flatter

myself I have done pretty well. If Rasher was as discreet in business as I am in society, all would be right.

There's Cerintha peeping over the banis-

There's Cerintha peeping over the banisters to find out who it was that called.

ters to find out who it was that called. It was Fitz Simmons. How did she appear? was she as friendly as ever? I felt as if an ice-house had walked into the parlor when she first came in, but she was up to summer

heat before she left, and that's the way I intend to manage 'em all. It makes my blood fairly bile, though, when I think of the rides and the parties, the favors and the camel's-hair shawl I gave that woman. But don't you tell your father; he'd be just imprudent enough to ask her not to come here any more, and then, of course, she'd set to work to say all she knew about us and a good deal more. She's awfully satirical, Fitz is, when she's unfriendly, and she'd ridicule us without mercy. I've told her about giving a big party, and asked her to fix up something new for it, so *she*'s all safe for the present. Good Gracious, Rasher! is that you? I thought it was Cerintha all this time. How came you in the house. I'd like to know? I do believe I'm getting blind and deaf, and no wonder with all my troubles. I thought you'd gone down town hours ago. Had the headache so bad you laid down on the sofa in the back parlor? You did? And did you have the meanness to overhear all that was said between me and Fitz? Ha! you're smiling, and I understand without you telling. Don't see how you could help hearing, and

don't know what there was mean about it? You do, too! You might have stirred your feet, or coughed, or something, to let us know you was there. Suppose you hadn't mind enough to invent anything suitable to the case? You'll soon have *judgment* enough, whether you've any judgment or not? There, now, of course you'll be bringing that up against me! Seems to me as if I never could indulge in any little fling at you behind your back but what it's sure to turn out to be before your face. However, I wouldn't care so much what you heard about yourself, if you hadn't have heard what I said about Fitz, too. The fat's in the fire, now. You *won't* say anything rude to her, will you, Rasher, my love, out of consideration for my feelings? You've got on a new weskit, haven't you, my dear? Buff was always becoming to you. Is that the reason I rebuff you so frequently? Ha! ha! that was a very nice pun, indeed. I hope your headache is better. Say, Timothy, you *won't* offend Mrs. Fitz Simmons, will you? there's a good boy. I don't ask because of my own feelings, but I'm afraid to make an ene-

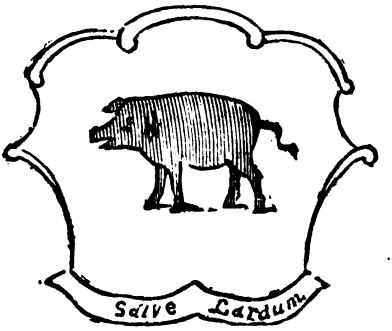
my of her just now; it wouldn't be politic. Fiddlesticks for politics? I shouldn't think you'd say so when you've always been such a politician yourself. She might injure the prospects of the girls. Don't be so violent, husband. Can't be gammoned that way any longer? It isn't gammon; it's common prudence. Give up my silly talk about a party; can't, sha'n't, and won't have it? No, I *won't* sit down beside of you, I *won't* be reasonable. I'm going to have my party, and I'm going to have my own way for once. I've given up to you in everything all my life, and I *will* have my own way for once. I ain't going to be trampled on by my own husband. I'll have *my* say as to where we shall live and how, and what we shall do. Very well, if I'll only furnish the means? There it comes. If the Lord ever made an unreasonable creature, it's a man! You're going to throw the support of the family on my shoulders; that 'll be the *next* step. I may take in washing for all you care; you can set and smoke your pipe and enjoy it. If I could have looked into the future on my wedding-day, I'd have —have—boo-hoo!

Compose yourself? O, Rasher, you hav'n't a spark of feeling! Hid there twisting your thumbs, and looking instead of going for the hartshorn, when you came so near throwing me into the hysterics. Hand me that vinaigrette off the little table. Say! where are you going? If you're going off, I want you to tell me now, if I mayn't have the party. As you said before, if I'll furnish the means? Well I *will* furnish 'em —ha, ha! If I can't do any better, I'll sell them diamonds you gave me last Christmas —I can get a few paste ones, and nobody 'll notice. Can't do it, 'cause you've sold 'em already to pay off a cooper, who was a hard working man with a large family, and couldn't afford to do without his money? *My* diamonds, *my* diamonds, Timothy Rasher! So 'm sold as well as my jewelry! and you dare to jest about it! I'll have you arrested for theft, I will sir! Fair exchange is no robbery; he gave you his casks, and you gave him my casket? Stop that punning, sir; I won't bear it—I'll keep my fingers in my ears—miserable, detestable joke. But there's one thing I will do; I've said it, and I won't give it up; I'll sell

the silver, and hire for the occasion; yes, sir! I'll pledge every ounce of silver we've got, but what I'll have my own way for once, By the way, why wasn't it sent home to-day? I told you to give orders to have it sent. We hav'n't enough to get along with, and Fitz 'll be here to-morrow. "Sorry to say the silver has gone the same way! Couldn't save your bacon, not even as much of it as figured on the tea set; gone for old silver—all those little pigs melted up and roasted; not a single spare bit left; melted like morning dew before your morning dues; not a squeak, not a squeal left; not one left to tell the tail; the house of Rasher has been utterly unable to 'Salve Lardum.'" Here, help me up-stairs, Rasher; lock the door, darken the window; if Fitz calls, tell her I'm too sick to see anybody. What's that you're muttering at the window? Nothing, nothing, only you guess you've *shutter up* all right. Well, put down the curtain, and let me alone till dinner time.

CHAPTER XVII.

RASHER GOES TO THE RACES.



"*Been out all night!*" Well, I s'pose I must have been, though I hav'n't any distinct recollection of not coming home. "Very improper conduct for the father of a family!" Well, I s'pose it is highly improper, wife. I've a faint impression that it's very improper indeed, and I don't see what I did it for; I don't usually do it, do I? "The first time in all these twenty-one years we've lived together that I've staid out without letting you know?" There! there isn't one woman in a thousand can say that! Allow me to congratulate you, Mrs.

Rasher, upon having a husband of which so much can be said, and be said truly, and well said. "Guess I'm a little set up?" Is that the reason why you wish to set me down? Now you know you always used to admire Flummery the most when he was in my present situation; it made him so brilliant, you remarked. Now, why can't you regard me as brilliant? I'd be willing to do anything wicked for the sake of your admiration, my dear, even to standing myself up in a barrel of my own lard, and setting fire to myself, which would be decidedly wick-ed of me, and very brilliant.

"Pretty time to choose to go to acting up, and breaking your heart staying out nights, just when you're in the midst of so many troubles; no diamonds, no silver, and the carriage and horses going to-morrow." Wasn't the carriage and horses mostly always going, my dear? and as for breaking your heart, the least said the soonest mended; only save the pieces, and I'll have a bottle of glue sent up this very afternoon; you'll see how to apply it by reading the label, there's a brush goes with each bottle.

"*Drive you to distraction!*" Drive, drive

—speaking of driving reminds me—but it wasn't to distraction, it was out on the Bloomingdale road; no, it wasn't either, it was on the race-course, Mrs. Rasher; and that's what's kept me, and a racy time we had of it. I'd tell you all about it, if I hadn't this confounded headache.

I wish you'd just look at my shoulder and see if it's sprained, or spavined, or anything; it hurts tremenduously. "How came my coat torn?" Well, how did it? that's what I'd like to know myself, my love; you shouldn't ask questions that you can't answer. Probably it tore itself when I was thrown out of Betman's gig, yesterday. It would be just like the plaguey coats tailors make now-a-days—and you see, the coat and the wearer were both in the same condition, a little tight, my love. "How did I come to be thrown out?" Well, now, upon my word, I'd answer you candidly if I knew just how it occurred; but it's as much of a puzzle to me as to you. We were going pretty fast, and whether we ran against a stone or a stone ran against us, I can't positively say, for there was no time for examining into the true state of the case. If I was called to

testify in a court of justice, all I could swear to was that an obstacle impeded us, or we impeded an obstacle, and before I had time to pick myself up I was lying on the side of the road, wondering how I came there. It was not until you called my attention to the fact, that I was aware my coat was torn. You're a sharp woman, Mrs. Rasher, or you wouldn't have found it out the moment you laid your eyes on it, when I've had it on my back for twelve hours without being aware of it. As Betman says of the fifteen thousand a year he pays for his new store, "it's a shocking rent!" it'll be difficult to make both ends meet, I'm afraid, especially as there seems to be a piece gone, and he didn't attend to business very closely.

"*Talk like a fool!*" Speak gently to the erring, Marier; that's a woman's mission. You've a great many excellent virtues, which do honor to your head and heart, as they said of me in a toast somewhere—I believe it was at the Union last night, but you're a little harsh in your choice of words at times. A soft answer turneth away wrath; and though I'm not wrathy, I might become so.

"*Dreadfully trying!*" *That's* so; I'm always trying—trying to make my dear Marier the happiest, as she is the best, of women; trying to make money as fast as my wife and daughters spend it; trying to make a gentleman of myself, against the grain; trying out lard in my oil factory—there, what's the matter with your nose, my dear? Can't you bear a distant allusion to that business which has made you a shining light for the last year? Never mind, we'll be snuffed out soon enough. Mrs. Yellow Dock almost extinguished us, day before yesterday. Don't you remember how gracefully she did it? *You* couldn't blow anybody out as neatly as that I'm bound. I've seen you try, a good many times, when you met some of our B—— street friends, but somehow you never quite got the hang of it equal to that.

"*You'd like me to give some account of myself, and not keep turning the subject off.*" I'd rather leave it to the bookkeeper; it's HIS business to attend to the accounts; and if I add myself up, what will it come to, when I lost my balance yesterday in the fall I got from that unlucky gig?

"Lost what little sense I ever had!" Yes, and dollars, too—all gone. I just managed to borrow half a dime from a friend to ride up in the stage. I had four hundred and fifty dollars in my wallet yesterday when I met Betman; I'm certain of it, for I borrowed it of Jones to pay a debt with. I must have been robbed. That race-course is a confounded place for pickpockets; I don't see why the police can't keep their eyes on the fellows. Don't cry, Marier, it was borrowed money; lent me by the only friend I have who would do me such a favor now. If I never return it, I sha'n't be any worse than the thief who stole it from me; and that's some consolation. I know you think I'm the worst man in the world, but here's proof positive that there's another one just as bad.

"*Mighty honest, a week ago, when you talked of giving a party!*" Glad to hear you talk so. An honest man—an *honest* man, Mrs. Rasher, "is the noblest work of God," says the poet, and if I was honest a week ago, I must be so still; and consequently a nobleman; and if there's anything in the world you really and

heartily take a shine to, it's a nobleman. You've a perfect passion for titles and lords, and here you see one before you—a little soiled, perhaps, from being out over night, and a trifle unsteady in the upper story—but the genuine article always has bad habits. Is there anything derogatory to my honesty in the fact that I borrow of one friend to pay another? that's the present fashionable system of doing business; one can keep on one's legs a long time by persistently pursuing such a course. Beg pardon, Mrs. Rasher, the reason *I* can't keep on my legs is, because they are a little weak in the joints this morning—rheumatism, I presume—and the course I've been pursuing has been the race-course. If you'll stop looking so cross, and treat me like a gentleman, make me a nice, strong cup of green tea, to clear off my headache, and mend my coat, I'll promise not to do it again.

"*What are we coming to?*" Why, what are we? the judge's platform, I presume, if we keep on at this rate. Go it Flora! hurrah for Ethan! neck and neck! ha! the little mare is getting the best of it. I'll bet a hundred to eighty on Flora; get out of

my way, there. Oh, Marier, was that *you?* Didn't mean to push my own wife over, positively; I thought I was anywhere but in my own parlor. How lucky that you sat down on that sofa instead of the carpet. I should have blamed myself severely if any accident had happened. I wish I could get that plaguey trotting-match out of my head; you see it confuses me. Watching the ring has kind of turned my head. They ought to have a straight track, and then a fellow wouldn't become so bewildered. I've been dizzy ever since.

"*Drunk! absolutely drunk!*" Never more mistaken in your life. I can prove it in any way you please. If you'll have the carpet taken up, I'll walk a crack in the floor; if you'll help me turn round, I'll count ten backwards; if you'll just hand me that little Parian statute you think so much of, I'll toss it up and catch it three times without dropping it; or I'll sing the whole of "Days of Absence" without missing a note, which is more than I could do yesterday, for I missed several notes to the tune of about four hundred dollars. "*Rather be excused?*" Well, you never was very fond

of hearing me sing, Marier, and I'll excuse you this time, seeing I'm a little horse. But I feel hurt at that insinuation of yours, coming from you, too, who ought to be better acquainted with me. It's bad enough to be thrown out of a gig, and tear your best coat, lose your money, and have a tremendous headache, without having insult added to injury. *I* wouldn't accuse *you* of such a thing, Marier.

"*Wonder if any one saw me coming in that fix?*" Well, yes, I guess they did, but I'm not certain. It's my impression that Mrs. Yellow Dock saw me. I got out of the stage on the wrong side of the way. you see, and mistook our house for theirs—no, their house for ours; and when I rung the bell, and her fellow in sunflowers opened the door, she was standing in the hall ready to go out, and says I, "My dear Marier;" and says she, "Sir, upon my word;" and says I, "Oh, don't; made a little mistake in the house, I presume," and I backed out so quick I was hardly certain I had been there at all, for you see, my dear wife, it troubled me to think how dreadfully you would feel if you should hear that I had ad-

dressed another woman as *my* dear Marier. Don't fret about it; the lady will understand it was only the wrong house; such things frequently happen. You know the other morning, when I went to market, I came home with a rousing lobster, and went into the basement with it, and ordered a pot to be put over, and actually had it boiling before either I or the girl discovered that we wasn't each other. My lobster boiling in my neighbor's pot! Wasn't that a pretty kettle of fish? I daren't tell you at the time, for fear you'd be a little put out about it. Mistakes will occur in the best regulated families. I dare say Yellow Dock has made his share of 'em; if *he* hasn't, that promising son-in-law of theirs will keep up the credit of the house. Now, if Flummery had happened in here, and said to you, "My dear Araminta," you'd have thought it an excellent joke, you'd have laughed fit to kill: but because it's *me*, you're as cross as two sticks. It's rather hard to a man to live unappreciated by his own family, as *I* do. At the club they think I'm a real good fellow. Come, Marier, cheer up and say a kind word to your ever-indulgent husband.

If you won't scold about the money, I'll take you to Bunnel's to see the live whales. "*Don't want to see no whales.*" Why, my love, they're natural curiosities, and highly interesting. If they had 'em in the Academy of Music, I guess you'd want to see 'em bad enough; but they don't belong to the codfish aristocracy, I s'pose.

"*What on earth took me to the races?*" A horse, my dear, Betman's fast nag. You see, I didn't intend going; I'd got started for the warehouse to 'tend to a little business there, and I was thinking how awful cross you was growing of late days, and how happy we used to be, Marier; and Betman came along in his gig, and hailed me, "Hallo, Rasher," says he, "you look as blue as indigo. Get in; I'm going to see the trotting match," and of course I accepted the invitation. I'd nothing better to do. You'd sent me off in the morning feeling as if I'd rather be alive than dead, and when Betman spoke up so hearty, it wasn't a bad thing for me; it sort of revived my drooping spirits and restored my good opinion of myself. You had told me I was a fool so often, I was beginning to wonder if I wasn't.

Ah, Marier, so you *did* order the tea, did you? Thank you. I'll be all right now in a little while. "Better come up stairs." Well, perhaps I had. Can you carry the cup without spilling the contents, do you think? If you can, just go ahead, and I'll hold on to the banisters. Look a here, wife, you haven't been having this staircase altered, and we on the point of giving up the house! I don't like these new-fangled stairs, at all; they're too steep, and the carpenter hasn't got 'em even; the stupid fellow has no eye, that's plain to be seen. Well, now, Marier, I guess it's *you* who are exhilarated; you've dropped the cup, and spilled the tea, on this pretty carpet, too! *I* did it! I just leaned on you a little heavy, because I was afraid of falling down. You wouldn't have let me fall, would you? Say, now, wife, if you had your choice between me and a china cup, you wouldn't let your own husband fall and break himself, would you? I've broke once, and I don't think it would do for me to break twice; there wouldn't be any peace left in the family. Give me your hand a minute. What's the use of a wife, if you can't lean on her in

times of trouble? Here we are, all right. Now if you'll ring for another cup of tea, I'll be obliged to you.

Ah, Bridget, my dear, this suits me to a T. Can you tell me why it's like your own blessed isle, or like your precious self? Because it's green, decidedly green. But it's sweet, too Bridget, and that's another reason.

"*Wish I wouldn't lower myself with the servants?*" Good land! you don't suppose I've gone down on the dummy, do you, when you see me sitting here before your eyes? I can't be in one place twice, can I? —I mean in two places once. Which reminds me to inquire if it is not curious that this tea can be here, in this very house, and still be in china.

"*Hope it will fetch me to!*" Two what? "*To myself.*" I thought one of myself was more than you could abide. "*You meant bring me around.*" Around where? "*Out of patience?*" Well, there's a good many doctors no better off, so don't fret about it. That tea has cleared my head off wonderfully; it's quite bright again. I must try, now, if I cannot recall what became of

that missing money. I shouldn't wonder if it was not stolen, after all. I bought a basket of champagne before we left the city, then we drove out, got there safe, had a place inside the ring, and a good time generally. Lots of fun, great race; bet a hundred dollars to eighty twice with Betman, lost each time; that's two hundred and twenty-four dollars, counting champagne. I'm inclined to think, in my serious and reflective moments, that Betman did not drink as much champagne as he induced me to do. I rather guess that by the time the match came off I saw double; he had the advantage there, and won the bets. I'm not much used to emptying bottles or putting up stakes, you know, Marier, and I couldn't stand it. But he's a good fellow, Betman is, and it was very friendly of him to take me out in his own gig. He's rather fast for a family man; but he's rich, and it won't hurt him. Bother me if I can remember where the rest of the money went to. I've a faint impression that I invested a small sum in a purchase; but what I bought or how much I paid for it I can't recollect for the life of me. It was that confounded

blow on my shoulder that knocked it all out of my head, Marier. You see, as we were driving home. pretty fast, for we were both engaged to take supper at Delmonico's with some of our set, as I told you before, we run against something or something run against us, and the next thing we knew the nag was gone, and we were standing in the road, rubbing our bumps of recollection. Somebody was kind enough to stop the nag, but the gig had only one wheel, and, as that wouldn't answer our purpose, we had to walk all the way to the cars, and ride down to Delmonico's, where we had a very select time. Betman's man took the nag to the stables, and we "drove dull care away," wife. You needn't look hurt; it was all done in tip-top style. It's an honor to any gentleman to become elevated in the elaborate style which distinguished us. Three dollars a bottle was the least, and all the auxiliaries. I hated to ring you up so early in the morning, so I just took a snooze at the hotel, and a little champagne this morning to keep up my spirits till the curtain lecture was delivered, you know, my dear—ha! ha! If a fellow can't have

any comfort at home, he's apt to take it away from home. Who ever would have dreamed that Timothy Rasher, as amiable as he was excellent, as modest as he was discreet, would have been caught by Mrs. Yellow Dock coming home so late in the morning! You can't express yourself, can you, Marier? Words are inadequate, even with the aid of the offender; your thoughts are too big for utterance. Well, wife, I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll compromise. If you won't say anything more about my failing, I'll quit my failings; if you'll mend my coat, I'll mend my other habits; if you'll quit curtain lectures, I'll quit kicking holes through the bed-curtains; if you'll keep me in good spirits at home, I won't go to Bininger's to buy 'em; if you'll be merciful to my faults, I'll never be false to you, if you'll only smile on me, Marier, I'll never "smile" away from home again. Those are my terms, and I'd advise you to agree to 'em. It wouldn't be pleasant, as a usual thing, to have me trying my night-key at Mrs. Yellow Dock's door, in the gray light of early morn, and a policeman kindly showing me over to my own house.

What's that Peter? "A man at the door with a horse, which he says is for Mr. Rasher." Rasher—Rasher—a horse for me? Bless me, wife! *now* I remember what it was I did with the rest of that money—I bought a horse. I know we've sold our horses and carriage, and that Peter's going to-morrow. I didn't buy this animal for show, nor for family use; I bought him as a speculation, Mrs. Rasher; I purchased him in the hope of retrieving our ruined fortunes. He's a celebrated racer; the person who sold him to me gave five thousand dollars for him only two years ago, and he's still sound as he was then. He made twenty thousand dollars out of him last year; but this season the times were so hard he was obliged to part with him. I got him for a mere trifle; he was thrown away, in fact; two hundred down yesterday, and my note for three hundred more in thirty days. Betman was by when I made the purchase, and congratulated me; he said my fortune was made. The man was to deliver him this morning, I recollect, now.

What are you grinning about, Peter?

"Guess this can't be the same hoss." Why, isn't it a spendid animal, almost the counterpart of Ethan Allen? "Can't see the hoss for the bones that are sticking out ov him." There must be a mistake, Peter; I'll come right down and see about it. I shouldn't wonder, wife, if I bought that creature a little too late in the afternoon for my own benefit.

So, Marier, you've been peeking through the shutters, have you? Well, I'm glad you've got strength of mind enough to laugh. If you'll only keep on laughing, I'll be willing to have it at my expense. I'm willing to own up now that I've been drunk, ridiculously, preposterously drunk. Oh, call it by no milder name; that's the only one that expresses it. I was going to crow over my bargain, but I rather think there'll be crows enough over it before the end of the week. That horse was doubtless turned out to die, and that cunning rascal picked him up to make a victim out of some drunken spectator at the races; I suppose he chose me as the stupidest fool in the crowd, which showed his shrewdness, I must acknowledge. Of course he'll never have the impudence

to appear with the note, but he's got the two hundred cash down, and is having a good time to-day, no doubt.

"Serves me right!" Of course it does. I don't deny it. Poor Peter! look out of the window, wife. He stands there, holding the bridle, looking as if he would sink into the pavement with mortification. His particular pride is a good horse; and to be left standing on a respectable street before a respectable house with that old hnlk in tow, is enough to sink him. The fellow's gone off, and left him there, and he dar'n't let go till I give orders; and he wouldn't insult the aristocratic animals in the stable by introducing such company to them. Just take another squint at my celebrated race-horse, Marier. Really, now, he isn't so bad. If he had one or two sound legs, just to rest the others in standing on, and one eye that would do him a little service in times of need—say, to wink with, when he sees a fine old gentleman being made a fool of—and a few hairs in his tail just for convenience in fly-time, and an ounce or so of flesh on him, he wouldn't be the *worst* horse in the world. As it is, I think he would

bring the premium. I can only think of one way to get my money back—to induce Bunnel to introduce him secretly, during the shades of night, into some secluded corner of his museum, and then placard him to the public as the great, living, and only reliable specimen of the "How Come You So?" I do not think any one would grumble at paying his quarter; for every individual, however astute or scientific, would be obliged to acknowledge, after seeing the curiosity, that he couldn't tell how he come so. Omnibuses wouldn't account for it. Neither would drays. Neither would the presence of cudgels and the absence of oats. Do you see the curtains pulled gently back from Mrs. Yellow Dock's second-floor windows, and a faint movement of the blinds? She is doubtless reconnoitering my bargain. She is wondering if the unfortunate Mrs. Rasher, whose husband lately failed in the pork line, is going to descend from a carriage and two to a phaeton and one. Wouldn't "Salve Lardum" be an appropriate motto, mounted on a silver crest, for that wonderful animal? Poor quadruped!

neither you nor your master have succeeded in saving your bacon.

I must go down and relieve Peter of his perplexities. It's a pity to take from Mrs. Yellow Dock the pleasure she is at present enjoying in contemplating her neighbor's affairs; but Peter's feelings are to be considered. I will order him to gently release the detained animal, who will probably wander along the barren verges of curbstone until he secures the kind attention of some guardian of the public peace.

And now, Mrs. Rasher, I am convinced, however much I may have prospered in swine, that horse-flesh is not in my line. I do not think I shall attend the next race, not even if Betman invites me. Still, I might be driven to such a course; a bad wife may drive a good husband even to a race-course. I don't mean to say that you are a bad wife, Marier; far from it. Don't bridle up so. I still remember our bridal day—the day that made me a rash man and you a Rasher. If you wouldn't be so severe on all a person's little follies, even their bad puns—if you wouldn't fret to be the Queen of Parvenoodum, when it's morally certain

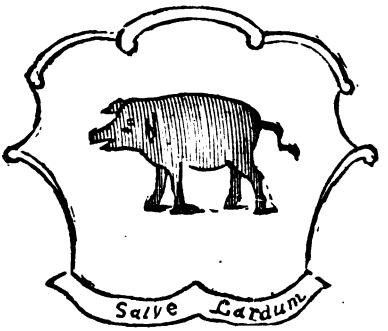
you were never born to reign—if you'll promise to bridle your tongue, I'll promise *not* to halter my neck; otherwise, Marier, it's a solemn fact that you may wake up some morning mourning to find yourself a disconsolate widow. My business may not only be suspended but my body also. Think what a terrible thing it would be to drive me to suicide—to drive me from the altar into the cruel haltar; that would be a bit of noose for the morning papers, wouldn't it? If you hadn't snubbed me, yesterday—if you hadn't made my breakfast uncomfortable, and snubbed me before my own children, and followed me to the hall-door to intimate your opinion that I was "a goose" and a "simpleton," I shouldn't have accepted Betman's invitation, lost my money, bruised my shoulder, took supper at Delmonico's, called on Mrs. Yellow Dock at an unseasonable hour in an unseasonable rig, had a bad headache, nor—bought that horse.

And now, if you've been letting on keeping me awake to-night to punish me for keeping you awake last night, why, pitch in when the time comes. You're a smart woman, and you

may get the best of it. And now I'm going to take a little nap before dinner. If Mrs. Yellow Dock isn't actually coming across the street in calling rig! She's coming to condole with you, my love. You women are so sympathetic! Give her my love, and ask her if Flummery has returned from the race yet. I didn't think, when I saw him yesterday, that he would find his way back without difficulty. Tit for tat, you know. Here comes her card. Good luck to you, Marier.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MOVING CONCLUSION—RASH, RASHER, RASHEST!



You seem to be extremely happy, Timothy. You've been whistling and singing all day long, and bustling around as if you'd rather have moving-day come than the pleasantest hot day. For my part, I'm too tired to speak; I don't see anything amusing in moving out of our mansion on Fifth avenue, back into this dreary old-fashioned house; leaving our appropriate speer, and retiring to this dismal street. We'll never see a friend's face here. People are not going to trouble to turn out of the usual way

to come down here, and have their coachmen turning up their noses before the door, while they are trying dreadfully hard to be polite to me, inquiring how I like the neighborhood, etc. When we moved on to the avenue it was a different thing asking how we liked the neighborhood. I don't feel as if I wished them ever to inquire after my health, for I don't expect to be well in this tumble-down, dirty, old house, with the damp in the basement, and the ceiling so low that there isn't a chance for a breath of pure air. It is well enough for an absurd little man like you, only five feet two in your boots, to declare that the ceilings are high enough. They are not as high as those we've been accustomed to, by at least three feet. "Thought these were the ones he'd been *accustomed* to!" Dear, dear! I'd certainly think you were cross-eyed, you see everything so precisely, if I handn't the evidence of my own eyes to the contrary. You stick to it that there isn't any damp in the dining-room, that the street is highly genteel and quiet, that the parlors are just the right size, and the wall-paper beautiful. "Your affection for the old home gilds over

slight defects." It isn't the kind of gilding I admire! I'm free to confess I prefer the genuine article, such as we had on all those lovely cornices and panels. You'll be telling me this furniture is prettier than our satin French sets, I presume. However, it's good enough for all the accessories we'll ever have for it. Folks that have no friends do not need fine furniture. "You thought I had several hundred of the most devoted stamp." So I *did* until you acted up in the foolish way you did, first failing, and then paying your debts, and coming down in our style. It would have made no visible difference, if it hadn't been for your notions about honesty. I could have had just as many carriages on my calling list this moment, if you'd have cheated your creditors and kept up appearances. Other people do it, and why shouldn't we? "Thought I'd promised you not to find any more fault on that subject." Well, I did try to reconcile myself; but now that I'm actually back here, and everything so real, I feel terribly, and I can't help it. "Suppose my friend Fitz will be in to console me." No, you don't suppose anything of the kind! You

know she hasn't been near me for a month, the deceitful, selfish, ungrateful, hypocritical, slanderous creature! I despise her from the bottom of my heart! "That's right; give her Fitz." So I would if I had a good chance. I'd tell her to her face what I thought of her; I'd ask her if she'd got done with the wear of the shawl and set of laces, and other trifles I'd loaned her. To be sure I *gave* them to her out and out; but I'd pretend I wanted them back. I don't suppose she'd blush if I did ask her; Fitz never blushes. I've heard of something she did that's so *awful* mean you wouldn't credit it if you were to hear it; you wouldn't believe her capable of it. What do you think, Rasher! She found out by some means, as she always contrives to about everybody, who you'd sold our silver to; and she hurried down to their store for fear it would be melted up before she got there, and actually, poor as she is, purchased a set of teaspoons for the sake of the coat-of-arms and the motto. She told the merchant she was a very particular friend of the family, and wished them as a sacred memento; and now she's got 'em,

she uses 'em every time she has company, to laugh over in her sly way, and tell 'em she's tried to save a small piece of the bacon. It seems Flummery translated your hog-Latin to her, and she thought it a good joke. He and she'll have nice times, won't they, ridiculing us; if we'd have kept our money, they'd have stuck to us like a small boy to a piece of molasses candy, and as long as *they* kept by us we'd have been all right. It's your fault; it's as plain as the nose on your face that it's your fault. If you hadn't given things up that didn't belong to you, we wouldn't be here this day, moving into this old shell, with only two servants to do everything. Why am I like the balcony fence? I am *not* like it in any respect, and I'll defy you to prove your assertion. "Because I'm always *a railing round the house.*" I *had* hoped, Timothy, that amid my accumulation of other trials, I should be spared any more of your wretched folly. A man of your age, with grown up girls, and a ruined man at that, ought to give up such a trifling and preposterous habit. "You've always been a *ruein'* ever since you were a married man?" Well, this is a pretty

time to tell me of it; very generous and feeling of you on moving day, and on an occasion like the present, I think it is *I* who should rue it, Timothy Rasher! "I do present a *moving* spectacle." Now, Rasher, if you go to making fun of me, I shall burst right out a-crying. I'm too tired and worried to stand it. If you had the heart of a husband and father, it would be utterly impossible for you to go singing, and whistling, and punning about on this miserable occasion. There's Cerintha up stairs in her room, crying as if her heart would break, poor girl! She says the mean little closets won't hold half her dresses, and that if they *would*, it would make no difference, as she shall never have an opportunity of displaying them properly; and she don't expect to go out any more; expects to live a nun. "If she never *wears 'em out*, she'll never want any new ones!" And that's all you care about it. You've got us back here and are going to shut us up like a prisoner in the Castle, and you don't feel any more remorse than if you were shutting up a parcel of pigs in a pen. "Don't see why we shouldn't live as snug as bees in the win-

ter!" Of course you don't see it; you're blind to everything but your own low tastes and habits. You haven't a spark of ambition about you. "Speaking of bees, why do they always find a ready market for their honey?" I scorn to attempt to guess. "Because they sell it as fast as they manufacture it." Humph! you haven't hurt yourself, have you, my darling, with that effort? I wish you could have said as much for your pork, and we wouldn't have been in this pickle. But now that you are really out of the business, I'd advise you to do as other men of respectability do; take up with a nice genteel employment that will secure to your family the position they have a right to expect. I've always heard tell that some of the most influential of our acquaintance which we made in our new circle did business on Wall Street. I don't know just what kind. The only objection I have to it is that it seems to be some kind of a market, and I've a horror of markets, You've always been in the fish line or the pork trade, and I'd like something entirely new. But it's too late for you to study law or the ministry, and you haven't the head for it,

neither, and as for politics, the man that's so scrupulous as to give up the last dollar, as it were, to his creditors would never succeed in them—never! So if other people think bulls and bears are more aristocratic than pigs and beef, it ain't for us to quarrel with 'em about it; they're fashionable folks, and they know best. If we imitate them, we'll be sure to be somewhere near right; and if you wish to restore me to good spirits, and see me happy once more, you'll try and set up a little stock in Wall Street. Dear, dear! I don't see where they keep all their wild animals. I shall be mortal 'fraid to come and see you when you get your office full of such creatures. I've been through that street several times, and I never could see where they keep 'em. It looks all nice and quiet, and I never even heard 'em roar; and there's plenty of gold and bank bills in the windows, which shows how much money they make; and I suppose the bulls and bears are all kept in cages in the rear, aren't they? If I should come to pay you a visit, and you should lock me up in your private office, as you did once, I hope there

wouldn't be any bears in it; I prefer pigs, of the two.

What's that, Felicia? The men can't get the mirrors into the parlors, at all. Oh, dear!

What's that Felicia? The men can't get the mirrors into the parlors at all.

what *shall* I do? I did hope to at least have the comfort out of those mirrors. The books and pictures I felt willing to see go, but those lovely mirrors I couldn't bear to

part with. Everytime I stood before them they seemed almost a part of myself; such elegant plate-glass and such exquisite frames. What *are* we to do, Rasher? The ceiling is too low by more than a foot. "Told me so!" Well, supposing you did tell me so!. that doesn't mend matters now that they're here and can't be stood up! "You'd suggest to have the ceilings raised!" I would, if I could, mighty quick, Timothy Rasher; but the men can't be kept waiting while you're making sport of me; say, what can we do with 'em? "Ask *them* to reflect upon it and decide the question." Ah, me; I suppose I shall have to send 'em back to the maker, and order a pair of smaller ones in place of them. It's one disappointment after another, until I'm completely broken down.

What did you say, Bridget? "The basket's fell down the ary steps, and broke the chiny all to bits." Which basket was it, Bridget?—the one with that breakfast-set in that I packed myself—the Solferino and gold band with the pictures in the centre? Oh, dear! Flummery told me himself that that set was a perfect *shade over*, as they say

in France. What's that, husband? "Severed porcelain is all the style, and it's severed now, if it never was before." It's *saver*, you simpleton, and not severed; if I couldn't speak French, I wouldn't try to. Well, that's gone with the rest, I suppose we may eat off plain white before the year's over, if we keep on as we've begun. Do I remember the half dozen blue flowered plates and cups and saucers that we begun with? No! most decidedly, I don't! I'm not troubled with a memory as vulgar as yours. I believe if we'd begun with tin cups and a wooden bowl you'd recollect it, and refer to it just when you hadn't ought. "There's no making a whis—" Rasher! I beg of you, don't finish, I'd rather set a boy to firing off crackers on the Fourth of July, than to get you quoting your favorite sayings. That night at Mrs. Nelson's little sociable, when we got to playing "Proverbs," I trembled in my shoes, for I knew beforehand exactly what was coming. It wasn't difficult for the company to guess *your* proverbs, they knew 'em by heart already. I don't think all the good examples you have enjoyed for the past year have made you one grain

more of a gentleman than you was before. You never was intended for society, while I was made for it; and that's the difference. It's my only consolation now, that *you* are back where you belong, whatever becomes of me. As for our poor children, Felicia is too much like you to feel our affliction as she ought; but Cerintha is cut down. I don't think she'll ever recover her spirits again. The dear girl was made for an atmosphere of refinement; she should breathe nothing but Lubin's extracts, and dwell in a world of silks and redowas. Now, what are you starting up, and putting your arm behind you, and tearing around just as you always do when you're mad, for? "Can't bear to hear such nonsense!" "Cerintha would be as sensible as any other girl, if she'd been brought up right!" "Ruin any children with my own silly ideas!" I guess I'd stop them, my dear, at least for to-day. "You'd be willing to become as poor as Job's turkey, if it would give the girl a chance to learn a little real life." "Rather see 'em washing dishes, with check aprons before 'em, than sailing around in lace and satin, turning up their pretty noses at better folks

than themselves." That's *you* all over, Rasher! If you really think so, perhaps you'd better bind 'em out to learn trades at once. "You think *home* should be the place for daughters to acquire all useful and necessary knowledge, and *mothers* should be their teacher." Really, said with quite an air! I guess you've been to some of Aunt Rasher's weekly meetings, lately. You and Aunt Rasher ought to have had the bringing up of our girls. I presume I know a mother's duty, and I believe I've done it for my children. I've done everything to secure to them a position in which they would be liable to make brilliant women and to find suitable husbands. They are accomplished, pretty, and would have been rich, if their father hadn't up and failed just at the most critical period of their prospects. If you've seen any girls that could dress more tastefully, or behave with more propriety, I don't know where it could have been. They're charmingly ignorant of everything coarse and common; *they'll* never be twitted by their husbands of knowing anything useful; they're as helpless and delicate as need be; they'll make splendid wives for men of

money. To be sure, Felicia has not so much natural love for refinement as her sister, but I've done my best to eradicate her taste for common things. And now to be complained of for doing my best—don't sit so close to me, if you please! You want to make up now, after getting mad and flying around here, setting my nerves all in a quiver. "Do I remember how we came to meet!" Well, what if I do? "If I hadn't been a sewing-girl, and you hadn't wanted some shirts made, and been recommended—" STOP. I won't hear it—I won't.

What, in the name of all that's ugly, is that coming into the house now? If it isn't that identical old sofa that I sold off when we left here for our mansion on the avenue! "You hunted it up, bought it as a relic, and have had it stowed away in your warehouse all the time; and thought it would look pleasant to see it restored to the old home." A sweet little piece of sentiment in a man like you, Rasher! really, just about what one might expect! I shall look for the blue-edged dishes next; and, perhaps, for a piece of rag from the shirts you say I made for you. I wouldn't try the sentimental

dodge, my dear; it isn't becoming to you. You're ridiculous enough when you're funny, but when you come to try the touching, you're absurd. A dumpy little pig in tears couldn't be more so. What's that? "A man might as well have a cast iron wife." I'm glad you are coming to a realizing sense of it. *I've* long been aware that we were not congenial spirits, Mr. Rasher; and every day confirms me more in my belief. If it were not for our daughter, I should hardly have been able to conceal my unhappiness from the eyes of a prying world. No no, there's nothing congenial between us. It's not because I'm insensible to tender impressions, that I can't abide your sentiments. It's the way you have of expressing 'em. If you'd approach me as you ought to, you wouldn't find me indulgerable, but instead of that, it's always in some way to shock my taste. I guess if you'd try bouquets or hot-house flowers, sets of jewelry, a new carpet, or some of those delicate ways such as makes some men I know so charming, you wouldn't have reason to find fault with your reception, but when *you* get a twinge of the ro-

mantic, the first thing you do is to hunt up some outlandish old thing or another, that I hate the sight of, and present it to me as hallowed by old associations. If there's anything I hate it's old associations! And you're as full of 'em as an egg is full of meat. I presume the next present I receive from you will be a paper of needles and spool of thread, to remind me of the days when we first met—you may even carry the matter so far as to beg me to sit down and spend my evenings making shirts, for the sake of reminding you of old times. Good land! I'll never forget that globe of gold-fishes you went and put in the conservatory last summer, to remind me of the fishmongery on A—— Street. I broke the glass on purpose, the very first day, though you thought it was an accident. After that, I shouldn't have been surprised at anything, not if you'd had a little gold pig with diamond eyes to hold matches on the front parlor mantle-shelf. No, Timothy, it is plain enough, we ought never to have been tied together; and I never realized it more than I do this day—moving back into this old place. It's the right spot for you; but I feel that me and the girls will waste

our sweetness on the desert air, as Flummery says. I'm wretched, perfectly wretched! I haven't the heart to say a word or to stir a hand. If the roof should fall in I wouldn't rise out of this chair. And you, instead of sympathizing, go about whistling and singing, as if you hadn't been the means of it all.

I don't care, Felicia, what you do with it, do what you're a mind with anything and everything. Your pa and you can manage as you like. For my part, I'm going up stairs to try and comfort poor Cerintha; me and her are the only ones who have any feeling. "Think it's your duty to try and cheer up your papa." Indeed, poor papa! *he's* greatly to be pitied, isn't he? Well, cheer him up, if it's to your taste; and attend to the dray-men, and see to the servants; *I'm* going to shut myself up till dinner's ready. I've stood as much as I'm able for one day. Don't mind your mother, or consult her feelings, Felicia; cheer up your father! that's right! For my part, I despise a man who can't provide properly for his family. He's no business with a wife and children. It's a man's business to keep his family well. If he won't do it he ought to

be despised. The only good trait your father ever had was making money; and if he's got over that, he's lost my respect and everybody else's. "Don't scold to-day!" Scold! don't be impertinent, Felicia. I shall speak my mind whenever I feel compelled. If I wasn't too tired, I should have something to say now; but I'm too completely dragged out to talk. I hope you'll have a decent spot for me to sit down in when I come back. But don't let it be on that horrible old sofa—I'll give that up to you and your pa. (*A week later.*) I wish your father would come home, girl. I feel uneasy about him. It's two days, now, since he's been near the house. I don't doubt he's off on a spree; he's been drunk twice since we came into this house. Oh, dear, as if we hadn't trouble enough without his behaving so! I never thought Timothy Rasher would get to be a dissipated man. "Wouldn't, if he wasn't made so miserable at home." I've put up with a good deal of your sauce lately, Felicia, and I don't want any more of it. If he expects I'm going to be just as cheerful and pleasant as if I had everything to make me so he's mistaken. I'm mad at him for failing, and I'm mad at

him for paying his creditors and robbing his family, and I'm mad at him for coming back here and "beginning life over," as he calls it—and I mean he shall feel the full weight of my displeasure. Because I'm discontented with his conduct, he'll make that an excuse for behaving still worse—staying out nights and spending what little money he has, instead of giving it to his family. He'll not break me down by any such process. As long as I have a tongue, I shall speak my mind with it. I shan't spare him nor his fault. I have not forgotten that horse race yet, nor some of his later proceedings. What's that? "You're afraid he's in trouble of some kind." In liquor I guess! "Looked very strange when he went out? Told you he was tired of living, to be eternally scolded?" And you allowed him to speak so of your own mother, I suppose. If the girl ain't actually bursting out a-crying. What's the matter, Felicia? "Afraid papa has killed himself!" What's put that horrible idea into your head? Killed himself! Fiddlesticks! he never had the courage to kill a mosquito. I should as soon think of a squirrel commiting suicide as your father. Ha! ha! it's

ridiculous! I wish you hadn't spoke of it. I was always nervous, and it makes me feel chilly and trembly, though, of course, the very idea is ridiculous. Light that other burner, Cerintha; the room seems dismal. I never shall get used to these dark little parlors.

Good gracious! Who's that coming up the steps? They make plenty of noise. What if it should be a parcel of police bringing Rasher home dead drunk? I just expect some such disgrace. Is Bridget going to the door? How they thump on it! Go, Felicia, and see what it is; there's Bridget opening the door. *I* couldn't stir out of this chair to save my life. Good heavens! who was that screamed? who was it, Cerintha? what do you cling to me so for? what's the matter? what are those men doing? what are they saying? "Found him in his private office at the warehouse—quite dead—stone cold—had evidently been hanging many hours—no hopes—committed suicide?" Timothy! Timothy Rasher! you've done it at last. (*Faints.*)

Did you say he left a letter for me? Can you read it to me, Felicia? I shall never have the courage in the world. Hand

me my smelling-salts, and read it, if you feel able, my child.

My Dear Wife: I've come to the conclusion that, since my business is suspended I might as well suspend myself. I'm driven to this extremity by the assurance that you will be glad to get me out of the way. I'm not a suitable provider, and I leave you free to find a better one. I *did* hope to find in our old home some consolation for the trials of the past year; that you would reconcile yourself to circumstances, and be contented, if not happy. I was glad to get back to it; I should have felt at home in the old place, if you had allowed me to do so. I shan't reproach you, Marier, for what you've said and done; let by-gones be by-gones. I shall never come home again to be riling your temper. I tried, faithfully and honestly, to save my bacon, enuff at least to grease your path of life, so that you might go along smoothly; but I've failed. I wanted to begin over; but, because I couldn't begin where I left off, you wouldn't let me. Other wives have behaved differently. When my friend, Clark, the shoe and leather merchant, pegged out, his wife had sole enough not to blame him; she stuck to

the last, and is helping him to repair his fortunes. So with Betsey Browne, when the smash came in the crockery firms; she told her husband to never mind breaking up; to "save the pieces." That she didn't care for the "whole set" of false friends as much as she did for one cup of domestic bliss; others might lay him on the shelf; she wasn't going to; and the consequences are he's as bright as ever, merry as a lark, says misfortunes can't dish him. I saw him yesterday, and it made me blue. If you had encouraged me, I should have made an effort to get out of this mess. What can't be cured could be endured, even the barr'ls that have spiled on my hands. Uncle Rasher had promised to give me a fresh start, and I should have been as happy as a pig in clover if you hadn't been so cross to me as to make me feel that I was nothing but a cross to you, and that the sooner I was X-terminated the better you'd be pleased. Good-by, Marier. You'll never be pun-ished with any more of my puns. I shall never flourish my red bandanner in your presence again. I'll never make light of this rash deed by referring to a Rasher. To my poor children I have nothing to

leave but my love. Felicia is provided for, for I know that my clerk is a good man, and wants to marry her. You and Cerintha must make matches to suit yourselves; they'll go off brilliantly, I have no doubt, only don't let them smell too strong of brimstone. Give the old sofa to Felicia, to begin her housekeeping with. You say you don't like old associations, so I won't leave you the cord with which I shall hang myself; it wouldn't a-cord with your taste, and a certain old association might hang about it.

Farewell, Marier. You couldn't make a whistle out of a pig's tail, and you ain't to blame that you didn't make a gentleman of me. It's my fault, I know, that, instead of being a roast of beef, I was only a Rasher of bacon. I won't stand in your way any longer.

Please have my coat-of-arms on the coffin-plate, and let that end it in your memory. Don't go into black for me, Marier, but be sure and "Salve Lardum."

T. RASHER.

THE END.

A NEW DEPARTURE!

We desire to call attention to the new publication entitled

OGILVIE'S POPULAR READING

which is issued monthly, and each number of which contains several complete stories by first-class popular authors, among whom are Charles Dickens, Bertha M. Clay, Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss M. E. Braddon, and others of equal reputation. Never before in the history of cheap literature has so much reading matter been offered for the money, as *each one* of the stories in each number, published in book form, would cost from $1.00 to $1.50, and we are, therefore, offering at least

$3.00 WORTH FOR ONLY 30 CENTS.

This is a wonderful statement, but none the less true, and we desire to call your attention to the fact that it is printed on handsome white paper, from new large type, so as to be easily read. It is neatly bound in heavy paper cover, with beautiful design, and printed in handsome colors.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER ONE.—The Octoroon, by Miss M. E. Braddon; Hilary's Folly, by Bertha M. Clay, author of Dora Thorne; Ninety-nine Choice Readings and Recitations, compiled by J. S. Ogilvie; Chunks of Fun—illustrated with twenty-two wood engravings—cut out and prepared for the public by "Ike Philkins"; Nat Foster, the Boston Detective, by Harry Rockwood.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER TWO.—John Jago's Ghost, by Wilkie Collins; The Dream Woman, by Wilkie Collins; Letty Leigh, by Bertha M. Clay, author of Dora Thorne; The Missing Letter, by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of East Lynne; Ninety-nine Choice Readings and Recitations, compiled by J. S. Ogilvie; Mugby Junction, by Charles Dickens; Phil Scott, the Indian Detective, by Judson R. Taylor.

CONTENTS OF NUMBER THREE.—Dora Thorne, by Bertha M. Clay; "Cash Seventeen," by Sophy S. Burr; Little Faith, by Mrs. O. F. Walton, author of Christie's Old Organ; Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, by Douglass Jerrold; The Sad Fortunes of Rev. Amos Barton, by George Eliot; A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens; Gems for Christmas, by Grandmother Amel, containing Dialogues and Charades suitable for any occasion.

We want Agents everywhere to introduce this publication and secure subscribers, to whom we offer liberal inducements.

The subscription price of this publication is $3.50 per year of twelve Numbers. A copy of any Number will be sent to any address, by mail, post-paid, on receipt of 30 cents. Address all subscriptions and orders to J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

P. O. Box 2767. 31 Rose Street, New York.

HUMOROUS BOOKS

By the Author of "MRS. RASHER'S CURTAIN LECTURES."

A BAD BOY'S DIARY. 12mo., 288 pages, illustrated. This is one of the most humorous books ever published. It has already reached a sale of over 200,000 copies. Paper cover, 50 cents; cloth, with gold side and back, - - - - - **$1.00.**

BLUNDERS OF A BASHFUL MAN. 16mo., 168 pages, illustrated. Paper Cover, 25 cents; cloth, - - - - .50

MISS SLIMMENS WINDOW. 16mo., 150 pages, illustrated. Paper cover 25 cents; cloth - - - - - - .60

MISS SLIMMENS BOARDING HOUSE. 16mo., 188 pages, illustrated. Paper cover, 25 cents; cloth - - - - .60

THE BAD BOY ABROAD. 16mo., 150 pages, illustrated. By Walter T. Gray. It contains lots of fun. Paper cover, 25 cents; cloth, - - - - - - - .60

To all who love fun, and believe in driving Care "Black," quite away, we can confidently recommend the above books.

All of the above stories, excepting "A Bad Boy's Diary" and "The Bad Boy Abroad," originally appeared in

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

We commence in March, 1884, the story of "ABIJAH BEANPOLE, STOREKEEPER," by the Author of "Mrs. Rasher."

This is the Oldest,

And To-Day the Best Home Magazine in America.

STEEL ENGRAVINGS,
COLORED PICTURES,
EXCELLENT STORIES,
CHOICE RECIPES
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS of the LATEST FASHIONS,

APPEAR IN EACH NUMBER.

A selection of a full size Cut Paper Pattern, from any illustration, allowed each month. Send 15 cents for specimen copy.

Subscription, $2.00 a year: may commence any time.

Address

J. H. HAULENBEEK & CO.,
Box H. H., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

BOOKSLIDE-WID

CANCELLED

JUN 13 1978

AL 4066.4.22
Mrs. Rasher's curtain lectures /
Widener Library 006830566
3 2044 080 930 266